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# Introduction

Teachers and librarians are constantly in search of poems for special occasions and a new collection is always welcome.

“Highdays and Holidays” has been compiled out of the varied and practical experience of two children’s librarians.

In common with other compilers, they have not always been able to obtain permission to reprint the poems they wished to include. However, they have made a careful and thorough search, selecting with the younger children especially in mind, and have included a number of holidays which do not appear in other anthologies, such as Roosevelt’s Birthday, Armistice Day, Music Week, and Children’s Book Week.

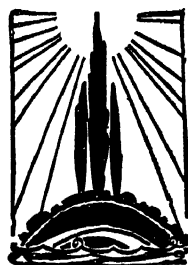
I know that this book will be received with genuine delight.

MABEL WILLIAMS  
*Supervisor of Work with Schools*  
*The New York Public Library*

NEW YORK CITY  
April, 1927

NEW  
YEAR'S  
DAY

■







## *THE CHILD AND THE YEAR*

SAID the child to the youthful year:  
“What hast thou in store for me,  
O giver of beautiful gifts! what cheer,  
What joy dost thou bring with thee?”

“My seasons four shall bring  
Their treasures: the winter’s snows,  
The autumn’s store, and the flowers of spring,  
And the summer’s perfect rose.

“All these and more shall be thine,  
Dear child—but the last and best  
Thyself must earn by a strife divine,  
If thou wouldst be truly blest.

“Wouldst thou know this best gift?  
’Tis a conscience clear and bright,  
A peace of mind which the soul can lift  
To an infinite delight.

“Truth, patience, courage, and love,  
If thou unto me canst bring,

*The Death of the Old Year*

I will set thee all earth's ills above,  
O child! and crown thee a king!"

*Celia Thaxter*

*THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR*

*F*ULL knee-deep lies the winter snow,  
And the winter winds are wearily sighing;  
Toll ye the church bell sad and slow,  
And tread softly and speak low,  
For the old year lies a-dying.  
Old year, you must not die;  
You came to us so readily,  
You lived with us so steadily,  
Old year, you shall not die.

He lieth still; he doth not move;  
He will not see the dawn of day,  
He hath no other life above.  
He gave me a friend, a true, true-love,  
And the New Year will take him away.  
Old year, you must not go;  
So long as you have been with us,  
Such joy as you have seen with us,  
Old year, you shall not go.

## *The Death of the Old Year*

He froth'd with his bumpers to the brim;  
'A jollier year we shall not see.  
But tho' his eyes are waxing dim,  
And tho' his foes speak ill of him,  
He was a friend to me.

Old year, you shall not die;  
We did so laugh and cry with you,  
I've half a mind to die with you,  
Old year, if you must die.

He was so full of joke and jest,  
But all his merry quips are o'er.  
To see him die, across the waste  
His son and heir doth ride post-haste,  
But he'll be dead before.

Every one for his own;  
The night is starry and cold, my friend,  
And the New Year blithe and bold, my friend,  
Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes! Over the snow  
I heard just now the crowing cock,  
The shadows flicker to and fro;  
The cricket chirps! the light burns low!  
'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.

## *New Year*

Shake hands, before you die;  
Old year, we'll dearly rue for you:  
What is it we can do for you?  
Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin  
Alack! our friend is gone!  
Close up his eyes; tie up his chin;  
Step from the corpse, and let him in  
That standeth there alone.

And waiteth at the door.  
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,  
And a new face at the door, my friend,  
A new face at the door.

*Alfred, Lord Tennyson*

## *NEW YEAR*

*W*HO comes dancing over the snow,  
His soft little feet all bare and rosy?  
Open the door, though the wild winds blow,  
Take the child in and make him cosy.  
Take him in and hold him dear,  
He is the wonderful glad New Year.

*Dinah Maria Mulock*

*New Year*

*NEW YEAR*

OVER the threshold a gallant new-comer  
Steppeth with tread that is royal to see;  
White as the winter-time, rosy as summer,  
Hope in his eyes, and with laugh ringing free.  
Lo! in his hands there are gifts overflowing,  
Promises, prophecies, come in his train;  
O'er him the dawn in its beauty is glowing,  
Banishing shadows of sorrow and pain.

Oh, welcome, New Year! with your stainless  
white pages,  
Though we may blot them ere long with our  
tears;  
So it has been through the long passing ages,  
Worn with the footprints of close crowding  
years.  
Welcome, sweet Year! may the full-handed  
hours  
Find us like servants, trusty and true,  
Using with earnest devotion our powers  
To be worthy our Master and worthy of you.

*Unknown*

## *New Year Song*

### *NEW YEAR SONG*

THEY say that the Year is old and gray,  
That his eyes are dim with sorrow;  
But what care we, though he pass away?  
For the New Year comes to-morrow.

No sighs have we for the roses fled,  
No tears for the vanished summer;  
Fresh flowers will spring where the old are dead,  
To welcome the glad newcomer.

He brings us a gift from the beautiful land  
We see, in our rosy dreaming,  
Where the wonderful castles of fancy stand  
In magical sunshine gleaming.

Then sing, young hearts that are full of cheer,  
With never a thought of sorrow;  
The old goes out, but the glad young year  
Comes merrily in to-morrow.

*Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller*

*On the Threshold*

*ON THE THRESHOLD*

**R**ING out, O bells! Ring silver sweet o'er  
hill and moor and fell!

In mellow echoes let your chimes their hopeful  
story tell.

Ring out, ring out, all-jubilant, the joyous, glad  
refrain;

“A bright new year, a glad new year, hath come  
to us again!”

Ah! who can say how much of joy within it there  
may be

Stored up for us who listen now to your sweet  
melody!

Good-bye, Old Year! Tried, trusty friend, thy  
tale at last is told;

O New Year! write thou thine for us in lines of  
brightest gold.

The flowers of spring must bloom at last, when  
gone the winter's snow;

God grant that after sorrow past, we all some  
joy may know.

Though tempest-tossed our bark awhile on Life's  
rough waves may be,

## *Ring Out, Wild Bells*

There comes a day of calm at last, when we the  
haven see.

Then ring, ring on, O pealing bells! there's  
music in the sound.

Ring on, ring on, and still ring on, and wake  
the echoes round,

The while we wish, both for ourselves and all  
whom we hold dear,

That God may gracious be to us in this the bright  
New Year!

*A. H. Baldwin*

## *RING OUT, WILD BELLS*

**R**ING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,  
The flying cloud, the frosty light;  
The year is dying in the night;  
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;  
The year is going, let him go;  
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,  
For those that here we see no more;



## *Ring Out, Wild Bells*

Ring out the feud of rich and poor,  
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,  
And ancient forms of party strife;  
Ring in the nobler modes of life,  
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,  
The faithless coldness of the times;  
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,  
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
The civic slander and the spite;  
Ring in the love of truth and right,  
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;  
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;  
Ring out the thousand wars of old,  
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;  
Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

*Alfred, Lord Tennyson*



# LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

.





ABRAHAM LINCOLN

**T**HIS man whose homely face you look upon,  
Was one of nature's masterful, great men;  
Born with strong arms, that unfought battles  
won;

Direct of speech, and cunning with the pen.  
Chosen for large designs, he had the art  
Of winning with his humor, and he went  
Straight to his mark, which was the human heart;  
Wise, too, for what he could not break he  
bent.

Upon his back a more than Atlas-load,  
The burden of the Commonwealth, was laid;  
He stooped, and rose up to it, though the road  
Shot suddenly downwards, not a whit dis-  
mayed.

Hold, warriors, councillors, kings! All now give  
place  
To this dear benefactor of the race.

*Richard Henry Stoddard*

*Abraham Lincoln*

*ABRAHAM LINCOLN*

THERE is no name in all our country's story  
So loved as his today:

No name that so unites the things of glory  
With life's plain, common way.

Poor as the poorest were his days' beginnings,  
The earth-floored cabin home.

And yet, compared with his, our rich man's win-  
nings

Are fleeting as the foam.

His was a tragedy such deeps concealing  
All eyes with his grow dim.

And his a humor so sincerely healing  
The whole world laughs with him.

He knew the doubter's doubt, the restless heav-  
ing

Of the swift waves of youth.

He knew the calm of faith, the strong believing  
Of him who lives the truth.

So manifold his life, the great-souled Lincoln  
Makes every life his own.

Therefore of all our heroes whom we think on  
He has a place alone.

*Robert Whitaker*

*Death of Lincoln*

*DEATH OF LINCOLN*

OH, slow to smite and swift to spare,  
Gentle and merciful and just!  
Who, in the fear of God, didst bear  
The sword of power, a nation's trust!

In sorrow by thy bier we stand,  
Amid the awe that hushes all,  
And speak the anguish of a land  
That shook with horror at thy fall.

Thy task is done; the bonds are free;  
We bear thee to an honored grave;  
Whose proudest monument shall be  
The broken fetters of the slave.

Pure was thy life; its bloody close  
Hath placed thee with the sons of light,  
Among the noble host of those  
Who perished in the cause of Right.

*William Cullen Bryant*

*A Farmer Remembers Lincoln*

*A FARMER REMEMBERS LINCOLN*

LINCOLN,—

Well, I was in the Old Second Maine,  
The first regiment in Washington from the  
Pine Tree State.

Of course I didn't get the butt of the clip;  
We was there for guardin' Washington—  
We was all green.

"I ain't ben to but one theater in my life—  
I didn't know how to behave.

I ain't never ben since.

I can see as plain as my hat the box where he  
sat in

When he was shot.

I can tell you, sir, there was a panic

When we found our President was in the shape  
he was in;

Never saw a soldier in the world but what liked  
him.

'Yes, sir. His looks was kind o' hard to forget.

He was a spare man,

An old farmer.

Everything was all right, you know,



## *A Farmer Remembers Lincoln*

But he wasn't a smooth-appearin' man at all—  
Not in no ways;  
Thin-faced, long-necked,  
And a swellin' kind of a thick lip like.

“And he was a jolly old fellow—always cheerful;

He wasn't so high, but the boys could talk to him their own ways.

While I was servin' at the Hospital

He'd come in and say, 'You look nice in here,'  
Praise us up, you know.

And he'd bend over and talk to the boys—

And he'd talk so good to 'em—so close—

That's why I call him a farmer.

I don't mean that everything about him wasn't all right, you understand,

It's just—well, I was a farmer—

And he was my neighbor, anybody's neighbor.

“I guess even you young folks would 'a' liked him.”

*Witter Bynner*

## *Great Oak*

### *GREAT OAK*

*S*OME men are born, while others seem to  
grow

From out the soil, like towering trees that spread  
Their strong, broad limbs in shelter overhead  
When tempest storms, protecting all below.

Lincoln, Great Oak of a Nation's life,  
Rose from the soil, with all its virgin power  
Emplanted in him for the fateful hour,  
When he might save a Nation in its strife.

*Bennett Chapple*

### *LINCOLN*

*W*ISE with the wisdom of ages  
Shrewd as a man of trade,  
Grim as the prophets and sages,  
Keen as a damask blade;

Firm as a granite ribbed mountain,  
Tender as woman's song,  
Gay as a scintillant fountain—  
Yet was he oaken-strong.

*Lincoln*

Here, the wonder of æons!  
Born unto pain and strife;  
Dead, 'mid a thousand pæans,  
Deathless, he enters life.

*Thomas Curtis Clark*

*LINCOLN*

SAY— if men asked for him—he has gone  
home,  
Home to the hearts of all that love their kind;  
And they that seek him there, henceforth shall  
find  
Their man of men—in all men's hearts at home.  
The Mother made him from her common loam,  
And from her world-wide harvest filled his mind,  
Poured by all paths, that from all quarters  
wind,  
As in the old days all highways poured to Rome.  
She said: “I make a universal man,  
Warmed with all laughter, tempered with all  
tears,  
Whose word and deed shall have the force of  
fate.  
I made not seven in all, since time began,

## *Lincoln Leads*

Of men like these. They last a thousand years,  
They have the power to will, the will to wait."

*Wendell Phillips Stafford*

## *LINCOLN LEADS*

*A*CROSS the page of history,  
As in a looking glass  
Or on a moving-picture screen,  
The Nation's heroes pass;  
With sword and mace and pen they pace  
In epaulets and braid,  
And some, with ruffles at their wrists,  
In linen fine arrayed.

But at the long procession's head,  
In loose ill-fitting clothes,  
A lanky woodsman with an axe  
Upon his shoulder goes;  
In every patriotic heart  
The figure lean and tall  
Is shrined beside the starry flag  
For Lincoln leads them all.

*Minna Irving*

## *Lincoln's Way*

### *LINCOLN'S WAY*

*L*INCOLN arose! the masterful great man,  
Girt with rude grandeur, quelling doubt  
and fear—

A more than King, yet in whose veins there ran  
The red blood of the people, warm, sincere,  
Blending of Puritan and Cavalier.

*Henry Tyrrell*

### *LINCOLN, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE*

*W*HEN the Norn Mother saw the Whirlwind  
Hour

Greatening and darkening as it hurried on,  
She left the Heaven of Heroes and came down  
To make a man to meet the mortal need.  
She took the tried clay of the common road—  
Clay warm yet with the genial heat of Earth,  
Dasht through it all a strain of prophecy,  
Tempered the heap with thrill of human tears  
Then mixt a laughter with the serious stuff.  
Into the shape she breathed a flame to light  
That tender, tragic, ever-changing face;  
And laid on him a sense of the Mystic Powers,  
Moving—all husht—behind the mortal vail.

*Lincoln, the Man of the People*

Here was a man to hold against the world,  
A man to match the mountains and the sea.

The color of the ground was in him, the red earth,  
The smack and tang of elemental things:  
The rectitude and patience of the cliff,  
The good-will of the rain that loves all leaves,  
The friendly welcome of the wayside well,  
The courage of the bird that dares the sea,  
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn,  
The pity of the snow that hides all scars,  
The secrecy of streams that make their way  
Under the mountain to the rifted rock,  
The tolerance and equity of light  
That gives as freely to the shrinking flower  
As to the great oak flaring to the wind—  
To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn  
That shoulders out the sky. Sprung from the  
West,

He drank the valorous youth of a new world.  
The strength of virgin forests braced his mind,  
The hush of spacious prairies stilled his soul.  
His words were oaks in acorns; and his thoughts  
Were roots that firmly gript the granite truth.

Up from log cabin to the Capitol,

*Lincoln, the Man of the People*

One fire was on his spirit, one resolve—  
To send the keen ax to the root of wrong,  
Clearing a free way for the feet of God,  
The eyes of conscience testing every stroke,  
To make his deed the measure of a man.  
He built the rail-pile as he built the State,  
Pouring his splendid strength through every  
blow:

The grip that swung the ax in Illinois  
Was on the pen that set a people free.

So came the Captain with the mighty heart;  
And when the judgment thunders split the  
house,

Wrenching the rafters from their ancient rest,  
He held the ridgepole up, and spikt again  
The rafters of the Home. He held his place—  
Held the long purpose like a growing tree—  
Held on through blame and faltered not at  
praise—

Held on in calm rough-hewn sublimity.  
And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down  
As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs,  
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,  
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

*Edwin Markham*

## *Lincoln Triumphant*

### *LINCOLN TRIUMPHANT*

LINCOLN is not dead. He lives  
In all that pities and forgives.  
He has arisen and sheds a fire  
That makes America aspire.

Even now as, when in life, he led,  
He leads us onward from the dead;  
Yes, over the whole wide world he bends  
To make the world a world of friends.

*Edwin Markham*

### *LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY*

A SACRED day is this—  
A day to bless;  
A day that leads to bliss  
Through bitterness.  
For on this day of days,  
One wondrous morn,  
In far off forest ways,  
Was Lincoln born!



## *Lincoln's Birthday*

Who supped the cup of tears,  
Who ate the bread  
Of sorrow and of fears,  
Of war and dread;  
Yet from this feast of woes,  
His people's pride,  
A loved immortal rose  
All glorified!

*John Kendrick Bangs*

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### *LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY—1918*

WHEN over-burdened with its care  
My soul seems yielding to despair,  
I think of him to whom today  
All men a golden tribute pay.

Who in the midst of trials sore  
His burden uncomplaining bore,  
And out of bitterness ran on  
To splendid laurels nobly won;

And from the thought of him I too  
Gain confidence and courage true,  
And faith sublime, that thro' the night  
Mine eyes will find their way to light.

*John Kendrick Bangs*

*Man of Peace*

*MAN OF PEACE*

WHAT winter holiday is this?  
In Time's great calendar,  
Marked in the rubric of the saints,  
And with a soldier's star,  
Here stands the name of one who lived  
To serve the common weal,  
With humor tender as a prayer  
And honor firm as steel.

Born in the fulness of the days  
Up from the teeming soil,  
By the world-molten reared and schooled  
In reverence and toil,  
He stands the test of all life's best  
Through play, defeat, or strain;  
Never a moment was he found  
Unlovable nor vain.

O South, bring all your chivalry;  
And West, give all your heart;  
And East, your old untarnished dreams  
Of progress and of art!

## *The Master*

Bid waste and war to be no more,  
Bid wanton riot cease;  
At your command give Lincoln's land  
To Paradise,—to peace.

*Bliss Carman*

## *THE MASTER*

*A* FLYING word from here and there  
Had sown the name at which we  
sneered,  
But soon the name was everywhere,  
To be reviled and then revered:  
A presence to be loved and feared,  
We cannot hide it, or deny  
That we, the gentlemen who jeered,  
May be forgotten by and by.

He came when days were perilous  
And hearts of men were sore beguiled;  
And having made his note of us,  
He pondered and was reconciled.  
Was ever master yet so mild  
As he, and so untamable?  
We doubted, even when he smiled,  
Not knowing what he knew so well.

## *The Master*

He knew that undeceiving fate  
    Would shame us whom he served unsought;  
He knew that he must wince and wait—  
    The jest of those for whom he fought;  
He knew devoutly what he thought  
    Of us and of our ridicule:  
He knew that we must all be taught  
    Like little children in a school.

We gave a glamour to the task  
    That he encountered and saw through,  
But little of us did he ask,  
    And little did we ever do.  
And what appears if we review  
    The season when we railed and chaffed?  
It is the face of one who knew  
    That we were learning while we laughed.

The face that in our vision feels  
    Again the venom that we flung,  
Transfigured to the world reveals  
    The vigilance to which we clung.  
Shrewd, hallowed, harassed, and among  
    The mysteries that are untold,  
The face we see was never young,  
    Nor could it ever have been old.

## *The Master*

For he, to whom we have applied  
Our shopman's test of age and worth,  
Was elemental when he died,  
As he was ancient at his birth:  
The saddest among kings of earth,  
Bowed with a galling crown, this man  
Met rancor with a cryptic mirth,  
Laconic—and Olympian.

The love, the grandeur, and the fame  
Are bounded by the world alone;  
The calm, the smouldering, and the flame  
Of awful patience were his own:  
With him they are forever flown  
Past all our fond self-shadowings,  
Wherewith we cumber the Unknown  
As with inept Icarian wings.

For we were not as other men:  
'Twas ours to soar and his to see.  
But we are coming down again,  
And we shall come down pleasantly;  
Nor shall we longer disagree  
On what it is to be sublime,  
But flourish in our perigee  
And have one Titan at a time.

*Edwin Arlington Robinson*

*O Captain! My Captain!*

*O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!*

**O** CAPTAIN! my Captain! our fearful trip  
is done.

The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we  
sought is won,

The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all  
exulting,

While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel  
grim and daring;

But O heart! heart! heart!

O the bleeding drops of red,

Where on the deck my Captain lies,  
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the  
bells;

Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the  
bugle trills,

For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for  
you the shores a-crowding,

For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager  
faces turning;

## *On Lincoln's Birthday*

Here, Captain! dear father!  
This arm beneath your head!  
It is some dream that on the deck,  
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale  
and still,  
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse  
nor will,  
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage  
closed and done,  
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with  
object won;  
Exult, O shores! and ring, O bells;  
But I with mournful tread,  
Walk the deck my Captain lies,  
Fallen cold and dead.

*Walt Whitman*

## *ON LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY*

*A* DAY of joy, a holiday!  
A day in festal colors drest  
To honor one who knew not play,  
Nor ever tasted rest!

*On Lincoln's Birthday*

A man of sorrows and of tears,  
Would we might bring to you  
Back through the pathway of dead years  
One touch of comfort true.

Would that your eyes might penetrate  
The shadows in between  
Through all the clouds of war and hate  
And mists that intervene.

Into the hearts of all the throng  
Of living men, to find  
Your name and fame the first among  
The treasures of mankind!

*John Kendrick Bangs*



# VALENTINE'S DAY





.

## *O MISTRESS MINE*

**O** MISTRESS MINE, where are you  
roaming?

O, stay and hear! your true-love's coming  
That can sing both high and low;  
Trip no further, pretty sweeting,  
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,—  
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'Tis not hereafter;  
Present mirth hath present laughter;  
What's to come is still unsure:  
In delay there lies no plenty,—  
Then—come kiss me, Sweet-and-Twenty,  
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

*William Shakespeare*

## *A VALENTINE*

**O** LITTLE loveliest lady mine,  
What shall I send for your valentine?  
Summer and flowers are far away;  
Gloomy old Winter is king to-day;

*Rosy Apple, Lemon, or Pear*

Buds will not blow, and sun will not shine:  
What shall I do for a valentine?

I've searched the gardens all through and  
through

For a bud to tell of my love so true;

But buds are asleep and blossoms are dead,

And the snow beats down on my poor little  
head:

So, little loveliest lady mine,

Here is my heart for your valentine!

*Laura E. Richards*

*ROSY APPLE, LEMON, OR PEAR*

**R**OSY apple, lemon, or pear,  
Rosy apple, lemon, or pear,  
Bunch of roses she shall wear:  
Gold and silver by her side,  
I know who will be the bride.  
Take her by her lily-white hand,  
Lead her to the altar;  
Give her kisses,—one, two, three,—  
Mother's runaway daughter.

*Unknown*

*Lavender's Blue*

*LAVENDER'S BLUE*

*L*AVENDER'S blue, dilly dilly, lavender's  
green,

When I am king, dilly dilly, you shall be queen.  
Who told you so, dilly dilly, who told you so?  
'Twas mine own heart, dilly dilly, that told me  
so.

Call up your men, dilly dilly, set them to work,  
Some with a rake, dilly dilly, some with a fork,  
Some to make hay, dilly dilly, some to thresh  
corn,

Whilst you and I, dilly dilly, keep ourselves  
warm.

*Unknown*

*SONG*

*G*OOD MORROW, 'tis St. Valentine's day,  
All in the morning betime,  
And I a maid at your window,  
To be your Valentine.

*William Shakespeare*



# WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

.







*CROWN OUR WASHINGTON*

*A*RISE—'Tis the day of our Washington's  
glory,

The garlands uplift for our liberties won;  
Forever let Youth tell the patriot's story,  
Whose sword swept for freedom the fields of  
the sun!

Not with gold, nor with gems  
But with evergreens vernal,  
And the banners of stars that the continent span,  
Crown, crown we the chief of the heroes  
eternal,  
Who lifted his sword for the birthright of man!

He gave us a nation; to make it immortal  
He laid down for freedom the sword that he  
drew,  
And faith leads us on through the uplifting  
portal  
Of the glories of peace and our destinies new.  
Not with gold, nor with gems,  
But with evergreens vernal,  
And the flag that the nations of liberty span,

*George Washington*

Crown, crown him the chief of the heroes  
eternal,  
Who laid down his sword for the birthright of  
man!

Lead, Face of the Future, serene in thy beauty,  
Till o'er the dead heroes the peace star shall  
gleam,  
Till Right shall be might in the counsels of duty,  
And the service of man be life's glory  
supreme.

Not with gold, nor with gems,  
But with evergreens vernal,  
And the flags that the nations in brotherhood  
span,  
Crown, crown we the chief of the heroes  
eternal,  
Whose honor was gained by his service to man!

*Hezekiah Butterworth*

*GEORGE WASHINGTON*

**T**HIS was the man God gave us when the hour  
Proclaimed the dawn of Liberty begun;  
Who dared a deed and died when it was done  
Patient in triumph, temperate in power,—

## *George Washington*

Not striving like the Corsican to tower  
To heaven, nor like Philip's greater son  
To win the world and weep for worlds unwon,  
Or leave the star to revel in the flower.

The lives that serve the eternal verities  
Alone do mould mankind. Pleasure and pride  
Sparkle awhile and perish, as the spray  
Smoking across the crests of cavernous seas  
Is impotent to hasten or delay  
The everlasting surges of the tide.

*John Hall*

## *GEORGE WASHINGTON*

(A recitation for five small boys. Let each boy hold in his right hand a card with date, lifting it high during his recitation.)

1732 In Seventeen Hundred Thirty-Two  
George Washington was born;  
Truth, goodness, skill, and glory high,  
His whole life did adorn.

1775 In Seventeen Hundred Seventy-Five,  
The chief command he took  
Of all the army in the State  
And ne'er his flag forsook.

*Like Washington*

1783 In Seventeen Hundred Eighty-Three  
Retired to private life  
He saw his much-loved country free  
From battle and from strife.

1789 In Seventeen Hundred Eighty-Nine  
The country with one voice,  
Proclaimed him President to shine,  
Blessed by the people's choice.

1799 In Seventeen Hundred Ninety-Nine  
The nation's tears were shed,  
To see the Patriot life resign,  
And sleep among the dead.

*All* As "first in war, and first in peace,"  
As patriot, father, friend,  
He will be blessed till time shall cease,  
And earthly life shall end.

*Unknown*

*LIKE WASHINGTON*

*W*E cannot all be Washingtons,  
And have our birthdays celebrated;  
But we can love the things he loved,  
And we can hate the things he hated.

## *The Name of Washington*

He loved the truth, he hated lies,  
He minded what his mother taught him,  
And every day he tried to do  
The simple duties that it brought him.

Perhaps the reason little folks  
Are sometimes great when they grow taller,  
Is just because, like Washington,  
They do their best when they are smaller.

*Unknown*

## *THE NAME OF WASHINGTON*

SONS of the youth and the truth of a nation,  
Ye that are met to remember the man  
Whose valor gave birth to a people's salvation,  
Honor him now; set his name in the van,  
A nobleness to try for,  
A name to live and die for—  
The name of Washington.

Calmly his face shall look down through the  
ages—

Sweet yet severe with a spirit of warning;  
Charged with the wisdom of saints and of sages;

## *The Name of Washington*

Quick with the light of a life-giving morning.  
A majesty to try for,  
A name to live and die for—  
The name of Washington!

Though faction may rack us, or party divide us,  
And bitterness break the gold links of our  
story,  
Our father and leader is ever beside us.  
Live and forgive! But forget not the glory  
Of him whose height we try for,  
A name to live and die for—  
The name of Washington!

Still in his eyes shall be mirrored our fleeting  
Days, with the image of days long ended;  
Still shall those eyes give, immortally, greeting  
Unto the souls from his spirit descended.  
His grandeur we will try for,  
His name we'll live and die for—  
The name of Washington!

*George Parsons Lathrop*

*Our Washington*

*OUR WASHINGTON*

SON of Virginia, thy mem'ry divine  
Forever will halo this country of thine,  
Not hero alone in the battle's wild strife,  
But hero in ev'ry detail of thy life.  
So noble, unselfish, heroic, and true,  
A God given gift to thy country were you;  
And lovingly, tenderly guarding thy shrine,  
Columbia points proudly, and says: "He is  
mine."

Thy courage upheld us, the judgment sustained,  
Thy spirit stood proof when discouragement  
reigned,

Thy justice unerring all bias withstood,  
Thy thought never self, but thy loved country's  
good.

And thy country will never, till time is no more.  
Cease to cherish the sleeper on yon river's shore;  
And every fair daughter and ev'ry brave son  
She will tell of the greatness of her Washington.

O hero immortal! O spirit divine!  
What glory eternal, what homage is thine!  
Forever increasing will be thy renown,

## *Our Washington*

With the stars of Columbia that gleam in thy  
crown.

The God who guards liberty gave thee to earth,  
Forever we'll honor thy heaven-sent birth.

E'en heaven itself has one gladness the more,  
That our hands shall clasp thine on eternity's  
shore.

Then sleep, sweetly sleep, by the river's calm  
run;

Thy fame will live on in the land thou hast won;  
To Potomac's soft music then slumber serene,  
The spirit of freedom will keep the spot green;  
And so long as time echoes the hour of thy birth,  
We will pay loving tribute and praise to thy  
worth,

And pledge to keep spotless the freedom you  
gave,

And the land that is hallowed by Washington's  
grave.

*Eliza W. Durbin*



*The Twenty-Second of February*

*THE TWENTY-SECOND OF FEBRUARY*

**P**ALE is the February sky,  
And brief the mid-day's sunny hours;  
The wind-swept forest seems to sigh  
For the sweet time of leaves and flowers.

Yet has no month a prouder day,  
Not even when the summer broods  
O'er meadows in their fresh array,  
Or autumn tints the glowing woods.

For this chill season now again  
Brings, in its annual round, the morn  
When, greatest of the sons of men,  
Our glorious Washington was born.

Lo, where, beneath an icy shield,  
Calmly the mighty Hudson flows!  
By snow-clad fell and frozen field,  
Broadening the lordly river goes.

The wildest storm that sweeps through space,  
And rends the oak with sudden force,  
Can raise no ripple on his face,  
Or slacken his majestic course.

## *Washington*

Thus, 'mid the wreck of thrones, shall live  
Unmarred, undimmed, our hero's fame,  
And years succeeding years shall give  
Increase of honors to his name.

*William Cullen Bryant*

## *WASHINGTON*

*W*ASHINGTON, the brave, the wise, the  
the good,  
Supreme in war, in council, and in peace,  
Valiant without ambition, discreet without fear,  
Confident without presumption.

In disaster, calm; in success, moderate: in all,  
himself.

The hero, the patriot, the Christian.

The father of nations, the friend of mankind,

Who, when he had won all, renounced all,

Then sought in the bosom of his family and of  
nature, retirement,

And in the hope of religion, immortality.

*Inscription at Mt. Vernon*

*Washington*

*WASHINGTON*

SOLDIER and statesman, rarest unison;  
High-poised example of great duties done  
Simply as breathing, a world's honors worn  
As life's indifferent gifts to all men born;  
Dumb for himself, unless it were to God,  
But for his barefoot soldiers eloquent,  
Tramping the snow to corral where they trod,  
Held by his awe in hollow-eyed content;  
Modest, yet firm as Nature's self; unblamed  
Save by the men his nobler temper shamed;  
Never seduced through show of present good  
By other than unsettling lights to steer  
New-trimmed in Heaven, nor than his steadfast  
mood  
More steadfast, far from rashness as from fear;  
Rigid, but with himself first, grasping still  
In swerveless poise the wave-beat helm of will;  
Not honored then or now because he wooed  
The popular voice, but that he still withstood;  
Broad-minded, higher souled, there is but one  
Who was all this and ours, and all men's—  
Washington.

*James Russell Lowell*

*Washington*

*WASHINGTON*

*W*E all will honor Washington,  
The first in war when wrong was done.  
The first in peace when Freedom came  
To crown him with immortal fame,  
The first in all our hearts today,  
To bind us all as one for aye,  
While battle and freedom lead us on  
We all will honor Washington.

*Unknown*

*WASHINGTON*

*O* NOBLE brow, so wise in thought,  
O heart, so true! O soul unbought,  
O eye, so keen to pierce the night  
And guide the "ship of state" aright!

O life, so simple, grand and free,  
The humblest still may turn to thee,  
O king, uncrowned! O prince of men!  
When shall we see thy like again?

## *Washington's Birthday*

The century, just passed away,  
Has felt the impress of thy sway.  
While youthful hearts have stronger grown  
And made thy patriot zeal their own.  
In marble hall or lowly cot  
Thy name has never been forgot.  
The world itself is richer far,  
For the clear shining of a star.  
And loyal hearts in years to run  
Shall turn to thee, O Washington.

*Mary Wingate*

## *WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY*

*A*LL hail, thou glorious morn  
When Washington was born!

All hail to thee!

Whether thy skies be bright,  
Or veiled in clouds of night,  
To thee in joyous right

Our song shall be.

All come with glad acclaim,  
To sing and praise thy name,  
O Washington!

## *Washington's Birthday*

O'er all this land so free,  
Hearts turn with pride to thee,  
Champion of liberty,  
Columbia's son.

*Charles S. Davis*

## *WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY*

'TIS splendid to live so grandly  
That long after you are gone,  
The things you did are remembered,  
And recounted under the sun;  
To live so bravely and purely,  
That a nation stops on its way  
And once a year with banner and drum,  
Keeps its thought of your natal day.

'Tis splendid to have a record,  
So white and free from stain  
That, held to the light, it shows no blot  
Though tested and tried again;  
That age to age forever  
Repeats its story of love,  
And your birthday lives in a nation's heart  
All other days above.

*Washington's Birthday*

And this is Washington's glory,  
A steadfast soul and true  
Who stood for his country's honor  
When his country's days were few.  
And now when its days are many,  
And its flag of stars is flung  
To the breeze in defiant challenge,  
His name is on every tongue.

Yes; it's splendid to live so bravely,  
To be so great and strong  
That your memory is like a tocsin  
To rally the foes of the wrong.  
To live so proudly and purely  
That your people pause in their way,  
And year by year, with banner and drum,  
Keep the thought of your natal day.

*Margaret E. Sangster*





# ST. PATRICK'S DAY

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## ST. PATRICK

WANDERED from the Antrim hills,  
Wandered from Killalas rills,  
Patrick heard upon the breeze  
Voices from the Irish seas.  
Folk of Fochlad called to him  
From their forest deep and dim:  
And in vision little hands  
Beckoned from the Irish lands,  
Where the western billows spoke  
With the Druid groves of oak.

*Unknown*

## THE SHAMROCK

THERE'S a dear little plant that grows in our  
isle,  
'Twas St. Patrick himself, sure, that set it;  
And the sun on his labour with pleasure did  
smile,  
And with dew from his eye often wet it.  
It thrives through the bog,  
through the brake,  
through the nureland.

## *The Shamrock*

And he called it the dear little shamrock of  
Ireland.

The sweet little shamrock, the dear little  
shamrock,

The sweet little, green little shamrock of Ireland.

This dear little plant that springs from our soil,

When its three little leaves are extended,

Denotes from one stalk we together should toil,

And ourselves by ourselves be befriended.

And still through the bog,

through the brake,

through the nureland,

From one root should branch, like the shamrock  
of Ireland.

The sweet little shamrock, the dear little sham-  
rock,

The sweet little, green little shamrock of  
Ireland.

*Andrew Cherry*

*The Shamrock*

*THE SHAMROCK*

**W**HEN April rains make flowers bloom  
And Johnny-jump-ups come to light,  
And clouds of color and perfume  
Float from the orchards pink and white,  
I see my shamrock in the rain,  
An emerald spray with raindrops set,  
Like jewels on Spring's coronet,  
So fair, and yet it breathes of pain.

The shamrock on an older shore  
Sprang from a rich and sacred soil  
Where saint and hero lived of yore,  
And where their sons in sorrow toil;  
And here, transplanted, it to me  
Seems weeping for the soil it left:  
The diamonds that all others see  
Are tears drawn from its heart bereft.

When April rain makes flowers grow  
And sparkles on their tiny buds  
That in June nights will over-blow  
And fill the world with scented floods,

## *The Shamrock*

The lonely shamrock in our land—  
So fine among the clover leaves—  
For the old springtimes often grieves,—  
I feel its tears upon my hand.

*Maurice Francis Eagen*

## *THE SHAMROCK* ♪

LONG may the shamrock,  
The plant that blooms for ever,  
With the rose combined,  
And the thistle twined,  
Defy the strength of foes to sever.  
Firm be the triple league they form,  
Despite all change of weather  
In sunshine, darkness, calm or storm,  
Still may they fondly grow together.

*Unknown*

## *THE WEARIN' O' THE GREEN* ♪

♫ PADDY DEAR! an' did ye hear the news  
that's goin' round?  
The shamrock is by law forbid to grow on Irish  
ground!

*The Wearin' o' the Green*

No more St. Patrick's day we'll keep, his color  
can't be seen,  
For there's a cruel law agin the wearin' o' the  
green!  
I met wid Napper Tandy, and he took me by the  
hand,  
And he said, "How's poor Ould Ireland, and  
how does she stand?"  
She's the most disthressful country that iver yet  
was seen,  
For they're hangin' men and women there for  
wearin' o' the green.

An' if the color we must wear is England's cruel  
red,  
Let it remind us of the blood that Ireland has  
shed;  
Then pull the shamrock from your hat, and  
throw it on the sod,—  
And never fear, 'twill take root there, tho' under  
foot 'tis trod!  
When law can stop the blades of grass from  
growin' as they grow,  
And when the leaves in summer-time their color  
dare not show,

*The Wearin' o' the Green*

Then will I change the color, too, I wear in my  
caubeen,  
But till that day, plaze God, I'll stick to wearin'  
o' the green.

*Unknown*



# ARBOR DAY

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## ARBOR DAY SONG

OF nature broad and free,  
Of grass and flower and tree,  
Sing we today.  
God hath pronounced it good,  
So we, his creatures would  
Offer to field and wood  
Our heartfelt lay.

To all that meets the eye,  
In earth, or in sky,  
Tribute we bring.  
Barren this world would be,  
Bereft of shrub and tree;  
Now Gracious Lord to Thee,  
Praises we sing.

May we Thy hand behold,  
As bud and leaf unfold,  
See but Thy thought;  
Nor heedlessly destroy,  
Nor pass unnoticed by;

## *An Arbor Day Tree*

But be our constant joy  
All Thou hast wrought.

As each small bud and flower  
Speaks of the Maker's power,  
Tells of His love;  
So we, Thy children dear,  
Would live from year to year,  
Show forth Thy goodness here,  
And then above.

*Mary A. Heermans*

## *AN ARBOR DAY TREE ♡*

DEAR little tree that we plant to-day,  
What will you be when we're old and gray?  
"The savings bank of the squirrel and mouse,  
For robin and wren an apartment house,  
The dressing-room of the butterfly's ball,  
The locust's and katydid's concert hall,  
The schoolboy's ladder in pleasant June,  
The schoolgirl's tent in the July noon,  
And my leaves shall whisper them merrily  
A tale of the children who planted me."

*Unknown*

*The Heart of the Tree*

*THE HEART OF THE TREE*

WHAT does he plant who plants a tree?

He plants the friend of sun and sky;  
He plants the flag of breezes free;  
The shaft of beauty, towering high;  
He plants a home to heaven anigh  
For song and mother-croon of bird  
In hushed and happy twilight heard—  
The treble of heaven's harmony—  
These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?

He plants cool shade and tender rain,  
And seed and bud of days to be,  
And years that fade and flush again;  
He plants the glory of the plain;  
He plants the forest's heritage;  
The harvest of a coming age;  
The joy that unborn eyes shall see—  
These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?

He plants, in sap and leaf and wood,  
In love of home and loyalty  
And far-cast thought of civic good—

## *The Oak*

His blessings on the neighborhood  
Who in the hollow of His hand  
Holds all the growth of all our land—  
A nation's growth from sea to sea  
Stirs in his heart who plants a tree.

*Henry Cuyler Bunner*

## *THE OAK*

*A* GLORIOUS tree is the old gray oak:  
He has stood for a thousand years;  
Has stood and frowned  
On the trees around,  
Like a king among his peers;  
As round their king they stand, so now,  
When the flowers their pale leaves fold,  
The tall trees round him stand, arrayed  
In their robes of purple and gold.

He has stood like a tower  
Through sun and shower,  
And dared the winds to battle;  
He has heard the hail,  
As from plates of mail,  
From his own limbs shaken, rattle;

## *The Tree*

He has tossed them about, and shorn the tops  
    (When the storm has roused his might)  
Of the forest-trees, as a strong man doth  
    The heads of his foes in fight.

*George Hill*

## *THE TREE*

**T**HE Tree's early leaf-buds were bursting  
    their brown;  
"Shall I take them away?" said the Frost  
    sweeping down.  
    "No, leave them alone  
    Till the blossoms have grown,"  
Prayed the Tree, while he trembled from root-  
    let to crown.

The Tree bore his blossoms, and all the birds  
    sung:  
"Shall I take them away?" said the Wind, as  
    he swung.  
    "No, leave them alone  
    Till the berries have grown,"  
Said the Tree, while his leaflets quivering hung.

## *Trees*

The Tree bore his fruit in the mid-summer glow:  
Said the girl, "May I gather thy berries now?"

"Yes, all thou canst see:

Take them; all are for thee,"

Said the Tree, while he bent down his laden  
boughs low.

*Bjornstern Bjornson*

## *TREES*

**I** THINK that I shall never see  
A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest  
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast.

A tree that looks at God all day  
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in summer wear  
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain,  
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,  
But only God can make a tree.

*Joyce Kilmer*



*What Do We Plant When We Plant the Tree?*

*WHAT DO WE PLANT WHEN WE PLANT  
THE TREE?*

*W*HAT do we plant when we plant the tree?

We plant the ship which will cross the  
sea,

We plant the mast to carry the sails,  
We plant the planks to withstand the gales—  
The keel, the keelson, and beam and knee,—  
We plant the ship when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?

We plant the houses for you and me.

We plant the rafters, the shingles, the floors,

We plant the studding, the lath, the doors,

The beams and siding, all parts that be,

We plant the house when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?

A thousand things that we daily see.

We plant the spire that out-towers the crag,

We plant the staff for our country's flag,

We plant the shade from the hot sun free;

We plant all these when we plant the tree.

*Henry Abbey*

*WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE!*

**W**OODMAN, spare that tree!  
Touch not a single bough!  
In youth it sheltered me,  
And I'll protect it now.  
'Twas my forefather's hand  
That placed it near his cot;  
There, woodman, let it stand,  
Thy ax shall harm it not.

That old familiar tree,  
Whose glory and renown  
Are spread o'er land and sea—  
And wouldst thou hew it down?  
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!  
Cut not its earth-bound ties;  
Oh, spare that aged oak  
Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy,  
I sought its grateful shade;  
In all their gushing joy  
Here, too, my sisters played.

*Woodman, Spare That Tree!*

My mother kissed me here;  
My father pressed my hand—  
Forgive this foolish tear,  
But let that old oak stand.

My heartstrings round thee cling,  
Close as thy bark, old friend!  
Here shall the wild bird sing,  
And still thy branches bend.  
Old tree! the storm still brave!  
And, woodman, leave the spot;  
While I've a hand to save,  
Thy ax shall harm it not.

*George Pope Morris*



# BIRD DAY

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## BIRD TRADES

THE swallow is a mason,  
And underneath the eaves  
He builds a nest and plasters it  
With mud and hay and leaves.

Of all the weavers that I know,  
The oriole is the best;  
High on the branches of the tree  
She hangs her cosy nest.

The woodpecker is hard at work—  
A carpenter is he—  
And you may hear him hammering,  
His nest high up a tree.

Some little birds are miners;  
Some build upon the ground;  
And busy little tailors too,  
Among the birds are found.

*Unknown*

*BIRDS IN SUMMER*

**H**OW pleasant the life of a bird must be,  
Flitting about in each leafy tree;  
In the leafy trees so broad and tall,  
Like a green and beautiful palace hall,  
With its airy chambers, light and boon,  
That open to sun, and stars, and moon;  
That open unto the bright blue sky,  
And the frolicsome winds as they wander by!

They have left their nests in the forest bough;  
Those homes of delight they need not now;  
And the young and old they wander out,  
And traverse the green world round about;  
And hark at the top of this leafy hall,  
How, one to another, they lovingly call!  
“Come up, come up!” they seem to say,  
“Where the topmost twigs in the breezes play!”

“Come up, come up, for the world is fair,  
Where the merry leaves dance in the summer  
air!”

And the birds below give back the cry,  
“We come, we come to the branches high!”



## *Birds in Summer*

How pleasant the life of the birds must be,  
Living above in a leafy tree!  
And away through the air what joy to go,  
And to look on the green, bright earth below!

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,  
Skimming about on the breezy sea,  
Cresting the billows like silvery foam,  
Then wheeling away to its cliff-built home!  
What joy it must be to sail, upborne,  
By a strong free wing, through the rosy morn,  
To meet the young sun, face to face,  
And pierce, like a shaft, the boundless space!

To pass through the bowers of the silver cloud;  
To sing in the thunder halls aloud:  
To spread out the wings for a wild, free flight  
With the upper cloud-winds,—oh, what delight!  
Oh, what would I give, like a bird, to go,  
Right on through the arch of the sun-lit bow,  
And see how the water-drops are kissed  
Into green and yellow and amethyst.

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,  
Wherever it listeth, there to flee;  
To go, when a joyful fancy calls,  
Dashing down 'mong the waterfalls:

## *Child's Song in Spring*

Then wheeling about, with its mate at play,  
Above and below, and among the spray,  
Hither and thither, with screams as wild  
As the laughing mirth of a rosy child!

What joy it must be, like a living breeze,  
To flutter about 'mid the flowering trees;  
Lightly to soar and to see beneath,  
The wastes of the blossoming purple heath,  
And the yellow furze, like fields of gold,  
That gladden some fairy region old!  
On mountain-tops, on the billowy sea,  
On the leafy stems of the forest-tree,  
How pleasant the life of a bird must be!

*Mary Howitt*

## *CHILD'S SONG IN SPRING<sup>j</sup>*

**T**HE silver birch is a dainty lady,  
She wears a satin gown;  
The elm tree makes the old churchyard shady,  
She will not live in town.

The English oak is a sturdy fellow,  
He gets his green coat late;

## *Robert of Lincoln*

The willow is smart in a suit of yellow,  
While brown the beech trees wait.

Such a gay green gown God gives the larches—  
As green as He is good!  
The hazels hold up their arms for arches  
When Spring rides through the wood.

The chestnut's proud, and the lilac's pretty,  
The poplar's gentle and tall,  
But the plane tree's kind to the poor dull city—  
I love him best of all!

*Edith Nesbit*

## *ROBERT OF LINCOLN*

MERRILY swinging on brier and weed,  
Near to the nest of his little dame,  
Over the mountain-side or mead,  
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name;  
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
Spink, spank, spink;  
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,  
Hidden among the summer flowers,  
Chee, chee, chee.

*Robert of Lincoln*

Robert of Lincoln is gayly drest,  
Wearing a bright black wedding-coat;  
White are his shoulders and white his crest.

Hear him call in his merry note:

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,

Spink, spank, spink;

Look, what a nice new coat is mine,  
Sure there never was bird so fine.

Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,

Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,  
Passing at home a patient life,

Broods in the grass while her husband sings

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,

Spink, spank, spink;

Brood, kind creature, you need not fear  
Thieves and robbers while I am here.

Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she;

One weak chirp is her only note.

Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,

Pouring boasts from his little throat;

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,

Spink, spank, spink;

*Robert of Lincoln*

Never was I afraid of man;  
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can!  
Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,  
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight!  
There, as the mother sits all day,  
Robert is singing with all his might:  
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
Spink, spank, spink;  
Nice good wife, that never goes out,  
Keeping house while I frolic about.  
Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,  
Six wide mouths are open for food;  
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,  
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood.  
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
Spink, spank, spink;  
This new life is likely to be  
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.  
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made  
Sober with work and silent with care;

### *Three o'Clock in the Morning*

Off is his holiday garment laid,  
Half forgotten that merry air;  
    Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
    Spink, spank, spink;  
Nobody knows but my mate and I  
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.  
    Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes; the children are grown;  
Fun and frolic no more he knows;  
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone;  
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes:  
    Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,  
    Spink, spank, spink;  
When you can pipe that merry old strain,  
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.  
    Chee, chee, chee.

*William Cullen Bryant*

### *THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING*

**W**HAT do the robins whisper about  
From their homes in the elms and  
birches?  
I've tried to study the riddle out,  
But still in my mind is many a doubt,  
In spite of deep researches.

### *Three o'Clock in the Morning*

While all the world is in silence deep,  
In the twilight of early dawning,  
They begin to chirp and twitter and peep,  
As if they were talking in their sleep,  
At three o'clock in the morning.

Perhaps they tell secrets that should not be  
heard

By mortals listening and prying;  
Perhaps we might learn from some whispered  
word

The best way to bring up a little bird,  
Or the wonderful art of flying.

It may be the gossip from nest to nest,  
Hidden and leaf-enfolded;  
For do we not often hear it confessed,  
When a long-kept secret at last is guessed,  
That "a little bird has told it"?

What do the robins whisper about  
In the twilight of early dawning?  
Listen, and tell me, if you find it out,  
What 'tis the robins whisper about  
At three o'clock in the morning.

*Unknown*

*To a Skylark*

*TO A SKYLARK*

*H*AIL to thee, blithe spirit!  
Bird thou never wert,  
That from heaven, or near it,  
    Pourest thy full heart  
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher  
    From the earth thou springest  
Like a cloud of fire;  
    The blue deep thou wingest,  
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever  
    singing.

In the golden lightning  
    Of the sunken sun,  
O'er which clouds are brightening,  
    Thou dost float and run,  
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even  
    Melts around thy flight;  
Like a star of heaven,



*To a Skylark*

In the broad daylight  
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill  
delight.

All the earth and air  
    With thy voice is loud,  
As, when night is bare,  
    From one lonely cloud  
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is  
    overflowed.

Sound of vernal showers  
    On the twinkling grass,  
Rain-awakened flowers,  
    All that ever was  
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth  
    surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,  
    What sweet thoughts are thine:  
I have never heard  
    Praise of love or wine  
That painted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal  
    Or triumphal chant

*What Does Little Birdie Say?*

Matched with thine would be all

But an empty vaunt—

A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden  
want.

\* \* \* \* \*

Teach me half the gladness

That thy brain must know,

Such harmonious madness

From my lips would flow,

The world should listen then, as I am listening  
now!

*Percy Bysshe Shelley*

*WHAT DOES LITTLE BIRDIE SAY?*

*W*HAT does little birdie say?

In her nest at peep of day?

“Let me fly,” says little birdie,

“Mother, let me fly away.”

Birdie, rest a little longer,

Till the little wings are stronger,

So she rests a little longer,

Then she flies away.

*What Does Little Birdie Say?*

What does little baby say,  
In her bed at peep of day?  
Baby says, like little birdie,  
“Let me rise and fly away.”

Baby, sleep a little longer,  
Till the little limbs are stronger.  
If she sleeps a little longer,  
Baby, too, shall fly away.

*Alfred, Lord Tennyson*



# EASTER

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## AT EASTER TIME

THE little flowers came through the ground,  
At Easter time, at Easter time:  
They raised their heads and looked around,  
At happy Easter time.

And every pretty bud did say,  
“Good people, bless this holy day,  
For Christ is risen, the angels say  
At happy Easter time!”

The pure white lily raised its cup  
At Easter time, at Easter time.  
The crocus to the sky looked up  
At happy Easter time.

“We’ll hear the song of Heaven!” they say,  
“Its glory shines on us to-day.  
Oh! may it shine on us alway.  
At holy Easter time!”

’Twas long and long and long ago,  
That Easter time, that Easter time:  
But still the pure white lilies blow  
At happy Easter time.

## *The Day of Joy*

And still each little flower doth say  
“Good Christians, bless this holy day,  
For Christ is risen, the angels say  
At blessed Easter time!”

*Laura E. Richards*

## *THE DAY OF JOY*

**T**HIS is the gladness of our Easter morning—  
That nothing now in all the world is dead,  
The roadside dust is tinted with forewarning  
Of heavenly verdure mortal feet shall tread.  
New meanings each blue break of sky discloses;  
New messages on all the winds are heard;  
New fragrance haunts the lilies and the roses—  
His life, His breath—the Spirit and the word.

The flowers of spring are no vain decoration  
Of earth's dead bosom; earth is all alive  
In the awakening dawn of new creation,  
Whence soul and body perfect strength  
derive.

The untainted health, the everlasting beauty!  
Even frozen hearts the warm contagion feel  
Of spiritual love and holy duty;



## *The Day of Joy*

The sickliest plant Christ's living touch can  
heal.

This is the wonder of the Resurrection—

That things unvalued now reveal their worth  
That every human longing and affection

Feels now the glow of its immortal birth.

Our common toil, the mutual hopes we cherish,

The friendly word, the homely help we give  
Each other in His love's name, shall not perish;

No thought that lives in him shall cease to  
live.

We who are of the earth need not be earthly;

God made our nature like His own, divine;  
Nothing but selfishness can be unworthy

Of His pure image meant through us to shine.  
The death of deaths it is, ourself to smother

In our own pleasures, His dishonored gift;  
And life—eternal life—to love each other;

Our souls with Christ in sacrifice to lift.

This is the beauty of our Easter morning;

In Him humanity may now arise

Out of the grave of self, all baseness scorning—

The holy radiance of His glorious eyes

## *Easter*

Illumines everywhere uplifted faces;  
Touches the earthly with a heavenly glow;  
And in that blessed light all human graces  
Unto divine beatitudes must grow.

Feeding on husks no more, the wanderers gather  
Around the hearthstone of the house above—  
The Son has brought them home unto the  
Father;

His spirit in their hearts is peace and love.  
Souls speak in the lost language of communion,  
And angels echo back the words they say,  
Earth is restored to heaven in deathless union—  
This is the glory of our Easter day.

*Lucy Larcom*

## *EASTER*

ON Easter morn  
Up the faint cloudy sky  
I hear the Easter bell,  
Ding dong . . . ding dong . . .  
Easter morning scatters lilies  
On every doorstep;  
Easter morning says a glad thing

## *Easter*

Over and over.  
Poor people, beggars, old women  
Are hearing the Easter bell . . .  
Ding dong . . . ding dong . . .

*Hilda Conkling*

## *EASTER*

**T**HE barrier stone has rolled away,  
And loud the angels sing;  
The Christ comes forth this blessed day  
To reign, a deathless king.  
For shall we not believe He lives  
Through such awakening?  
Behold, how God each April gives  
The miracle of Spring.

*Edwin L. Sabin*

## *AN EASTER CAROL*

**S**PRING bursts to-day,  
For Christ is risen and all the earth's at  
play.

Flash forth, thou Sun.  
The rain is over and gone, its work is done.  
[101]

*An Easter Carol*

Winter is past,  
Sweet Spring is come at last, is come at last.

Bud, Fig and Vine,  
Bud, Olive, far with fruit and oil and wine.

Break forth this morn  
In roses, thou but yesterday a thorn.

Uplift thy head,  
O pure white Lily through the Winter dead.

Beside your dams  
Leap and rejoice, you merry-making Lambs.

All Herds and Flocks  
Rejoice, all Beasts of thickets and of rocks.

Sing, Creatures, sing,  
Angels and Men and Birds and everything.

*Christina G. Rossetti*

*Easter Hymn*

*EASTER HYMN*

*A*WAKE, thou wintry earth.  
Fling off thy sadness!  
Fair, vernal flowers, laugh forth  
Your ancient gladness!  
Christ is risen!

Warm, woods, your blossoms all,  
Grim Death is dead!  
Ye weeping, funeral trees,  
Lift up your head:  
Christ is risen!

Come, see! the graves are green;  
It is light, let us go  
Where our loved ones rest  
In hope below:  
Christ is risen!

All is fresh and new  
Full of Spring and light.  
Wintry heart, why wear'st the hue  
Of sleep and night?  
Christ is risen!

*Easter Hymn*

Leave thy cares beneath,  
Leave thy worldly love!  
Begin the better life  
With God above.  
Christ is risen!

*Thomas Blackburn*

*EASTER HYMN*

CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,  
Sons of men and angels say:  
Raise your joys and triumphs high,  
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

Love's redeeming work is done,  
Fought the fight, the battle won:  
Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er;  
Lo! He sets in blood no more.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;  
Christ hath burst the gates of Hell!  
Death in vain forbids His rise;  
Christ hath opened Paradise!

## *Easter Music*

Lives again our glorious King:  
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?  
Once He died, our souls to save:  
Where thy victory, O Grave?

*Charles Wesley*

## *EASTER MUSIC*

**B**LOW, golden trumpets, sweet and clear,  
Blow soft upon the perfumed air;  
Bid the sad earth to join your song,  
“To Christ does victory belong!”

Oh, let the winds your message bear  
To every heart of grief and care;  
Sound through the world the joyful lay,  
“Our Christ has conquered Death to-day!”

On cloudy wings let glad words fly  
Through the soft blue of echoing sky:  
Ring out, O trumpets, sweet and clear.  
“Through Death immortal Life is here!”

*Margaret Deland*

*Song of Easter.*

*SONG OF EASTER*

SING, children, sing!  
And the lily censers swing;  
Sing that life and joy are waking and that Death  
no more is king.  
Sing the happy, happy tumult of the slowly  
brightening spring;  
Sing, children, sing!

Sing, children, sing!  
Winter wild has taken wing.  
Fill the air with the sweet tiding till the frosty  
echoes ring!  
Along the eaves the icicles no longer glittering  
cling:  
And the crocus in the garden lifts its bright face  
to the Sun,  
And in the meadows softly the brooks begin to  
run;  
And the golden catkins swing  
In the warm airs of the spring;  
Sing, little children, sing!

*Celia Thaxter*



# MAY DAY

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## AS WE DANCE ROUND

AS we dance round a-ring-a-ring,  
A maiden goes a-maying;  
And here a flower, and there a flower,  
Through mead and meadow straying;  
O gentle one, why dost thou weep?—  
Silver to spend with; gold to keep;  
Till spin the green round World asleep,  
And Heaven its dews be staying.

*Unknown*

## THE COMING OF SPRING

THERE'S something in the air  
That's new and sweet and rare—  
A scent of summer things,  
A whir as if of wings.

There's something, too, that's new  
In the color of the blue  
That's in the morning sky,  
Before the sun is high.

And though on plain and hill  
'Tis winter, winter still,

*The Coming of Spring*

There's something seems to say  
That winter's had its day.

And all this changing tint,  
This whispering stir and hint  
Of bud and bloom and wing,  
Is the coming of the spring.

And to-morrow or to-day  
The brooks will break away  
From their icy, frozen sleep,  
And run, and laugh, and leap.

And the next thing, in the woods,  
The catkins in their hoods  
Of fur and silk will stand,  
A sturdy little band.

And the tassels soft and fine  
Of the hazel will entwine,  
And the elder branches show  
Their buds against the snow.

So, silently but swift,  
Above the wintry drift,  
The long days gain and gain.  
Until on hill and plain,—

*The Elves' Dance*

Once more, and yet once more,  
Returning as before,  
We see the bloom of birth  
Make young again the earth.

*Nora Pert*

*THE ELVES' DANCE*

ROUND about, round about  
In a fair ring-a,  
Thus we dance, thus we dance  
And thus we sing-a,  
Trip and go, to and fro  
Over this green-a,  
All about, in and out,  
For our brave Queen-a.

*Unknown*

*HERE WE COME A-PIPING*

HERE we come a-piping,  
In Springtime and in May;  
Green fruit a-ripening,  
And Winter fled away.  
The Queen she sits upon the strand,

*The Little Plant*

Fair as lily, white as wand;  
Seven billows on the sea,  
Horses riding fast and free,  
And bells beyond the sand.

*Unknown*

*THE LITTLE PLANT*

**I**N the heart of a seed  
Buried deep, so deep,  
A dear little plant  
Lay fast asleep.

“Wake!” said the sunshine  
“And creep to the light,”  
“Wake!” said the voice  
Of the raindrops bright.

The little plant heard,  
And it rose to see  
What the wonderful  
Outside world might be.

*Kate L. Brown*

*May Song*

*MAY SONG*

SPRING is coming, spring is coming,  
Birdies, build your nest;  
Weave together straw and feather,  
Doing each your best.

Spring is coming, spring is coming,  
Flowers are coming too:  
Pansies, lilies, daffodillies,  
Now are coming through.

Spring is coming, spring is coming,  
All around is fair;  
Shimmer and quiver on the river,  
Joy is everywhere.

*Old English Country Rime*

*OLD MAY SONG*

ALL in this pleasant evening, together come  
are we,  
For the summer springs so fresh, green, and gay;  
We tell you of a blossoming and buds on every  
tree,  
Drawing near unto the merry month of May.

## *Old May Song*

Rise up, the master of this house, put on your  
charm of gold,  
For the summer springs so fresh, green, and gay;  
Be not in pride offended with your name we  
make so bold,  
Drawing near unto the merry month of May.

Rise up, the mistress of this house, with gold  
along your breast;  
For the summer springs so fresh, green, and gay;  
And if your body be asleep, we hope your soul's  
at rest,  
Drawing near unto the merry month of May.

Rise up, the children of this house, all in your  
rich attire,  
For the summer springs so fresh, green, and gay;  
And every hair upon your heads shines like the  
silver wire;  
Drawing near unto the merry month of May.

God bless this house and harbour, your riches and  
your store,  
For the summer springs so fresh, green, and gay;



## *Spring*

We hope the Lord will prosper you, both now  
and evermore,  
Drawing near unto the merry month of May.

And now comes we must leave you, in peace and  
plenty here,  
For the summer springs so fresh, green, and gay;  
We shall not sing you May again until another  
year,  
To draw you these cold winters away.

*Unknown*

## *SPRING*

**T**HE alder by the river  
Shakes out her powdery curls;  
The willow buds in silver  
For little boys and girls.

The little birds fly over,  
And oh, how sweet they sing!  
To tell the happy children  
That once again 'tis spring.

The gay green grass comes creeping  
So soft beneath their feet;

## *Spring Song*

The frogs begin to ripple  
A music clear and sweet.

And buttercups are coming,  
And scarlet columbine;  
And in the sunny meadows  
The dandelions shine.

And just as many daisies  
As their soft hands can hold  
The little ones may gather,  
All fair in white and gold.

Here blows the warm red clover,  
There peeps the violet blue;  
O happy little children,  
God made them all for you!

*Celia Thaxter*

## *SPRING SONG*

**I** LOVE daffodils.

I love Narcissus when he bends his head.  
I can hardly keep March and Spring and Sunday  
and daffodils  
Out of my rhyme of song.

*~ Spring Song*

Do you know anything about the spring  
When it comes again?  
God knows about it while winter is lasting.  
Flowers bring him power in the spring,  
And birds bring it, and children.  
He is sometimes sad and alone  
Up there in the sky trying to keep his worlds  
happy.  
I bring him songs  
When he is in his sadness and weary.  
I tell him how I used to wander out  
To study stars and the moon he made,  
And flowers in the dark of the wood.  
I keep reminding him about his flowers he has  
forgotten,  
And that snowdrops are up.  
What can I say to make him listen?  
“God,” I say,  
“Don’t you care.  
Nobody must be sad or sorry  
In the spring-time of flowers.”

*Hilda Conkling*

*Who Calls*

*WHO CALLS?*

**L**ISTEN, children, listen, won't you come  
into the night?

The stars have set their candle gleam, the moon  
her lantern light.

I'm piping little tunes for you to catch your  
dancing feet.

There's glory in the heavens, but there's magic  
in the street.

There's jesting here and carnival: the cost of  
a balloon

Is an ancient rhyme said backwards, and a  
wish upon the moon.

The city walls and city streets!—you shall  
make of these

As fair a thing as country roads and blossomy  
apple trees.”

“What watchman calls us in the night, and plays  
a little tune

That turns our tongues to talking now of April,  
May and June?

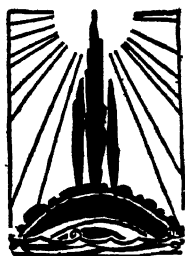
Who bids us come with nimble feet and snap-  
ping finger tips?”

“I am the Spring, the Spring, the Spring with  
laughter on my lips.”

*Frances Clarke*

# MOTHER'S DAY

.





### *A BOY'S MOTHER*

*M*Y mother she's so good to me,  
Ef I was good as I could be,  
I couldn't be as good—no, sir.—  
Can't any boy be good as her.

She loves me when I'm glad er sad;  
She loves me when I'm good er bad;  
An', what's a funniest thing, she says  
She loves me when she punishes.

I don't like her to punish me,—  
That don't hurt—but it hurts to see  
Her cryin'.—Nen I cry; an' nen  
We both cry an' be good again.

She loves me when she cuts an' sews  
My little cloak an' Sund'y clothes;  
An' when my Pa comes home to tea,  
She loves him most as much as me.

## *Child and Mother*

She laughs an' tells him all I said,  
An' grabs me up an' pats my head;  
An' I hug her, an' hug my Pa,  
An' love him purt' nigh as much as Ma.

*James Whitcomb Riley*

### *CHILD AND MOTHER*

**O** MOTHER-MY-LOVE, if you'll give me  
your hand,

And go where I ask you to wander,  
I will lead you away to a beautiful land—

The Dreamland that's waiting out yonder.  
We'll walk in a sweet-posie garden out there  
Where moonlight and starlight are streaming  
And the flowers and birds are filling the air  
With fragrance and music of dreaming.

There'll be no little tired-out boy to undress,  
No questions or cares to perplex you;  
There'll be no little bruises or bumps to caress,  
Nor patching of stockings to vex you.  
For I'll rock you away on a silver-dew stream,  
And sing you asleep when you're weary,  
And no one shall know of our beautiful dream  
But you and your own little dearie.



*For You, Mother*

And when I am tired I'll nestle my head  
In the bosom that's soothed me so often  
And the wide-awake stars shall sing in my  
stead  
A song which our dreaming shall soften.  
So Mother-my-Love, let me take your dear  
hand,  
And away through the starlight we'll  
wander—  
Away through the mist to the beautiful land—  
The Dreamland that's waiting out yonder!

*Eugene Field*

*FOR YOU, MOTHER*

**I** HAVE a dream for you, Mother,  
Like a soft thick fringe to hide your eyes.  
I have a surprise for you, Mother,  
Shaped like a strange butterfly.  
I have found a way of thinking  
To make you happy;  
I have made a song and a poem  
All twisted into one.  
If I sing, you listen;  
If I think, you know

## *Grown-ups*

I have a secret from everybody in the world  
full of people  
But I cannot always remember how it goes;  
It is a song  
For you, Mother,  
With a curl of cloud and a feather of blue  
And a mist  
Blowing along the sky.  
If I sing it some day, under my voice,  
Will it make you happy?

*Hilda Conkling*

## *GROWN-UPS*

*A*UNTIES know all about fairies,  
Uncles know all about guns,  
Mothers and fathers think all the day long  
Of making their children happy and strong,  
Even the little ones.

*Rose Fyleman*

*The Little Girl That Mother Used To Be*

THE LITTLE GIRL THAT MOTHER USED  
TO BE

WHEN we travel back in summer to the old  
house by the sea,

Where long ago my mother lived, a little girl  
like me,

I have the strangest notion that she still is wait-  
ing there,

A small child in a pinafore with ribbon on her  
hair.

I hear her in the garden when I go to pick a rose;  
She follows me along the path on dancing tipsy  
toes;

I hear her in the hayloft when the hay is  
slippery—sweet—

A rustle and a scurry and a sound of scamper-  
ing feet;

Yet though I sit as still as still, she never comes  
to me,

The funny little laughing girl my mother used  
to be.

Sometimes I nearly catch her as she dodges  
here and there,

## *Mother*

Her white dress flutters round a tree and flashes  
up a stair;  
Sometimes I almost put my hand upon her  
apron strings—  
Then, just before my fingers close, she's gone  
again like wings.  
A sudden laugh, a scrap of song, a footfall on  
the lawn,  
And yet, no matter how I run, forever up and  
gone!  
A fairy or a firefly could hardly flit so fast.  
When we come home in summer, I have given  
up at last.  
I lay my cheek on mother's. If there's only one  
for me,  
I'd rather have her, anyway, than the girl she  
used to be.

*Nancy Byrd Turner*

## *MOTHER*

*W*HEN mother comes each morning  
She wears her oldest things,  
She doesn't make a rustle,  
She hasn't any rings;

*Mother*

She says, "Good morning, chickies,  
It's such a lovely day,  
Let's go into the garden  
And have a game of play:"

When mother comes at tea-time  
Her dress goes shoo-shoo-shoo,  
She always has a little bag,  
Sometimes a sunshade too;  
She says, "I am so hoping  
There's something left for me;  
Please hurry up, dear Nanna,  
I'm dying for my tea."

When mother comes at bed-time  
Her evening dress she wears,  
She tells us each a story  
When we have said our prayers;  
And if there is a party  
She looks so shiny bright  
It's like a lovely fairy  
Dropped in to say good-night.

*Rose Fyleman*

*Our Mother*

*OUR MOTHER*

*H*UNDREDS of stars in the pretty sky,  
Hundreds of shells on the shore together,  
Hundreds of birds that go singing by,  
Hundreds of birds in the sunny weather.  
Hundreds of dew-drops to greet the dawn,  
Hundreds of bees in the purple clover,  
Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn,  
But only one Mother the wide world over.

*Unknown*

*SONGS FOR MY MOTHER*

I

*Her Hands*

*M*Y mother's hands are cool and fair,  
They can do anything.  
Delicate mercies hide them there  
Like flowers in the spring.

*Songs for My Mother*

When I was small and could not sleep,  
She used to come to me,  
And with my cheek upon her hand  
How sure my rest would be.

For everything she ever touched  
Of beautiful or fine,  
Their memories living in her hands  
Would warm that sleep of mine.

Her hands remember how they played  
One time in meadow streams,—  
And all the flickering song and shade  
Of water took my dreams.

Swift through her haunted fingers pass  
Memories of garden things;—  
I dipped my face in flowers and grass  
And sounds of hidden wings.

One time she touched the cloud that kissed  
Brown pastures bleak and far;—  
I leaned my cheek into a mist  
And thought I was a star.

## *Songs for My Mother*

All this was very long ago  
And I am grown; but yet  
The hand that lured my slumber so  
I never can forget.

For still when drowsiness comes on  
It seems so soft and cool,  
Shaped happily beneath my cheek,  
Hollow and beautiful.

## II

### *Her Words*

My mother has the prettiest tricks  
Of words and words and words.  
Her talk comes out as smooth and sleek  
As breasts of singing birds.

She shapes her speech all silver fine  
Because she loves it so.  
And her own eyes begin to shine  
To hear her stories grow.



*Songs for My Mother*

And if she goes to make a call  
Or out to take a walk  
We leave our work when she returns  
And run to hear her talk.

We had not dreamed these things were so  
Of sorrow and of mirth.  
Her speech is as a thousand eyes  
Through which we see the earth.

God wove a web of loveliness,  
Of clouds and stars and birds,  
But made not anything at all  
So beautiful as words.

They shine around our simple earth  
With golden shadowings,  
And every common thing they touch  
Is exquisite with wings.

There's nothing poor and nothing small  
But is made fair with them.  
They are the hands of living faith  
That touch the garment's hem.

## *Which Loved Her Best?*

They are as fair as bloom or air,  
They shine like any star,  
And I am rich who learned from her  
How beautiful they are.

*Anna Hempstead Branch*

## *WHICH LOVED HER BEST?*

I LOVE you, mother," said little John;  
Then, forgetting his work, his cap went on,  
And he was off to the garden swing,  
Leaving his mother the wood to bring.

"I love you, mother," said rosy Nell;  
"I love you better than tongue can tell;"  
Then she teased and pouted full half the day,  
Till her mother rejoiced when she went to play.

"I love you, mother," said little Fan;  
"To-day I'll help you all I can;  
How glad I am that school doesn't keep!"  
So she rocked the baby till it fell asleep.

*Which Loved Her Best?*

Then, stepping softly, she took the broom,  
And swept the floor, and dusted the room;  
Busy and happy all day was she,  
Helpful and cheerful as child could be.

“I love you, mother,” again they said—  
Three little children going to bed;  
How do you think that mother guessed  
Which of them really loved her best?

*Joy Allison*



# MUSIC WEEK





*THE AIM WAS SONG*

**B**EFORE man came to blow it right  
The wind once blew itself untaught,  
And did its loudest day and night  
In any rough place where it caught.

Man came to tell it what was wrong:  
It hadn't found the place to blow;  
It blew too hard—the aim was song,  
And listen—how it ought to go!

He took a little in his mouth,  
And held it long enough for north  
To be converted into south  
And then by measure blew it forth.

By measure. It was word and note,  
The way the wind had meant to be—  
A little through the lips and throat.  
The aim was song—the wind could see.

*Robert Frost*

*Fairy Music*

*FAIRY MUSIC*

WHEN the fiddlers play their tunes you may  
sometimes hear,  
Very softly chiming in, magically clear,  
Magically high and sweet, the tiny crystal notes  
Of fairy voices bubbling free from tiny fairy  
throats.

When birds at break of day chant their morning  
prayers,  
Or on sunny afternoons pipe ecstatic airs,  
Comes an added rush of sound to the silver  
din—  
Songs of fairy troubadours gaily joining in.

When athwart the drowsy fields summer twilight  
falls,  
Through the tranquil air there float elfin mad-  
rigals,  
And in wild November nights, on the winds  
astride,  
Fairy hosts go rushing by, singing as they ride.



## *Learning to Play*

Every dream that mortals dream, sleeping or  
awake,  
Every lovely fragile hope—these the fairies  
take,  
Delicately fashion them and give them back  
again  
In tender, limpid melodies that charm the  
hearts of men.

*Rose Fyleman*

## *LEARNING TO PLAY*

UPON a tall piano stool  
I have to sit and play  
A stupid finger exercise  
For half an hour a day.

They call it “playing,” but to me  
It’s not a bit of fun.  
I play when I am out of doors,  
Where I can jump and run.

But Mother says the little birds  
Who sing so nicely now,  
Had first to learn, and practice too,  
All sitting on a bough.

## *Music*

And maybe if I practice hard,  
Like them, I too, some day,  
Shall make the pretty music sound;  
Then I shall call it "play."

*Abbie Farwell Brown*

## *MUSIC*

**I**F I think music,  
It comes and goes.  
If the fountain ripples and splashes,  
It keeps on singing.  
Falling broken water  
Sings and answers  
When the warblers in the May trees  
Stay close for a little.  
But music that I hear  
Is different in its meanings. . . .  
Happy hour or sorrowing  
Into change.

*Hilda Conkling*

## *MUSIC*

**W**HEN music sounds, gone is the earth  
know,  
And all her lovely things even lovelier grow;

### *Music's Silver Sound*

Her flowers in vision flame, her forest-trees  
Lift burdened branches, stilled with ecstasies.

When music sounds, out of the water rise  
Naiads whose beauty dims my waking eyes,  
Rapt in strange dreams burns each enchanted  
face,  
With solemn echoing stirs their dwelling place.

When music sounds, all that I was I am  
Ere to this haunt of brooding dust I came;  
While from Time's woods break into distant  
song  
The swift-winged hours, as I haste along.

*Walter de la Mare*

### *MUSIC'S SILVER SOUND*

**W**HEN gripping grief the heart doth wound,  
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,  
Then music, with her silver sound,  
With speedy help doth lend redress.

*William Shakespeare*

*The World's Music*

*THE WORLD'S MUSIC*

**T**HE world's a very happy place,  
Where every child should dance and sing  
And always have a smiling face,  
And never sulk for anything.

I waken when the morning's come,  
And feel the air and light alive  
With strange sweet music like the hum  
Of bees about their busy hive.

The linnets play among the leaves  
At hide-and-seek, and chirp and sing;  
While, flashing to and from the eaves,  
The swallows twitter on the wing.

And twigs that shake, and boughs that sway;  
And tall old trees you cannot climb;  
And winds that come, but cannot stay,  
Are singing gayly all the time.

From dawn to dark the old mill-wheel  
Makes music, going round and round;  
And dusty-white with flour and meal,  
The miller whistles to its sound.

*The World's Music*

The brook that flows beside the mill,  
As happy as a brook can be,  
Goes singing its old song until  
It learns the singing of the sea.

For every wave upon the sands  
Sings songs you never tire to hear,  
Of laden ships from sunny lands  
Where it is summer all the year.

And if you listen to the rain  
Where leaves and birds and bees are dumb  
You hear it pattering on the pane  
Like Andrew beating on his drum.

The coals beneath the kettle croon,  
And clap their hands and dance in glee;  
And even the kettle hums a tune  
To tell you when its time for tea.

The world is such a happy place  
That children, whether big or small,  
Should always have a smiling face  
And never, never sulk at all.

*Gabriel Setoun*



# MEMORIAL DAY

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## *BENEATH THE FLAG*

ON the sunny hillside sleeping,  
On the calm and placid plain,  
By the rivers swiftly sweeping,  
By the rudely roaring main,  
Lie the men who saved the nation  
In the dark hour long ago,  
Meeting death with proud elation  
From a brave but erring foe.

In their earthly sleep unending  
Do the nation's martyred sons  
Hear the war shouts hoarsely blending  
With the booming of the guns?  
Do they quicken at the rattle  
As the mighty band sweeps by?  
Do they see that still in battle  
Heroes rise to do or die?

Let us hope these warriors knighted  
In the bright hereafter know  
That our nation firm united  
Faces now a common foe;

## *The Bivouac of the Dead*

That beneath the dear Old Glory,  
Clearing freedom's splendid way,  
Adding luster to its story,  
Side by side march Blue and Gray!

*Cleveland Plain Dealer*

## *THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD*

**T**HE muffled drum's sad roll has beat  
The soldier's last tattoo;  
No more on Life's parade shall meet  
That brave and fallen few.  
On Fame's eternal camping-ground  
Their silent tents are spread,  
And Glory guards, with solemn round,  
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance  
Now swells upon the wind;  
No troubled thought at midnight haunts  
Of loved ones left behind;  
No vision of the morrow's strife  
The warrior's dream alarms;  
No braying horn nor screaming fife  
At dawn shall call to arms.

## *The Bivouac of the Dead*

Their shivered swords are red with rust,  
    Their plumèd heads are bowed;  
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,  
    Is now their martial shroud.  
And plenteous funeral tears have washed  
    The red stains from each brow,  
And the proud forms, by battle gashed,  
    Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,  
    The bugle's stirring blast,  
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,  
    The din and shout, are past;  
Nor war's wild note nor glory's peal  
    Shall thrill with fierce delight  
Those breasts that nevermore may feel  
    The rapture of the fight.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!  
    Dear as the blood ye gave;  
No impious footsteps here shall tread  
    The herbage of your grave;  
Nor shall your Glory be forgot  
    While Fame her record keeps,  
Or Honor points the hallowed spot  
    Where Valor proudly sleeps.

*The Blue and the Gray*

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone  
In deathless song shall tell,  
When many a vanished age hath flown,  
The story how ye fell;  
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,  
Nor Time's remorseless doom,  
Shall dim one ray of glory's light  
That gilds your deathless tomb.

*Theodore O'Hara*

*THE BLUE AND THE GRAY*

**B**Y the flow of the inland river,  
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,  
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,  
Asleep are the ranks of the dead;  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day;  
Under the one, the Blue,  
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,  
Those in the gloom of defeat,  
All with the battle-blood gory,  
In the dusk of eternity meet;

*The Blue and the Gray*

Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day;  
Under the laurel, the Blue,  
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours  
The desolate mourners go,  
Lovingly laden with flowers  
Alike for the friend and the foe;  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day;  
Under the roses, the Blue,  
Under the lilies, the Gray.

\* \* \* \* \*

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,  
The generous deed was done,  
In the storm of the years that are fading,  
No braver battle was won;  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day;  
Under the blossoms, the Blue,  
Under the garlands, the Gray.

## *Decoration Day*

No more shall the war-cry sever,  
Or the winding rivers be red;  
They banish our anger forever  
When they laurel the graves of our dead!  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day;  
Love and tears for the Blue,  
Tears and love for the Gray.

*Francis M. Finch*

## *DECORATION DAY*

SLEEP, comrades! sleep and rest  
On this field of grounded arms,  
Where foes no more molest,  
Nor sentry's shot alarms.

Ye have slept on the ground before,  
And started to your feet  
At the cannon's sudden roar,  
Or the drum's redoubling beat.

But in this camp of death  
No sound your slumber breaks;  
Here is no fevered breath,  
No wound that bleeds and aches.

## *For Our Dead*

All is repose and peace;  
Untrampled lies the sod;  
The shouts of battle cease,—  
It is the Truce of God.

Rest, comrades! rest and sleep!  
The thoughts of men should be  
As sentinels, to keep  
Your rest from dangers free.

Your silent tents of green  
We deck with fragrant flowers:  
Yours has the suffering been,  
The memory shall be ours.

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*

## *FOR OUR DEAD*

*F*LOWERS for our dead!  
The delicate wild roses, faintly red;  
The valley lily beds, as purely white  
As shines their honor in the vernal light;  
All blooms that be  
As fragrant as their fadeless memory!  
By tender hands entwined and garlanded,  
Flowers for our dead! . . .

## *How Sleep the Brave*

Love for our dead!  
O hearts that droop and mourn, be comforted!  
The darksome path through the abyss of pain,  
The final hour of travail not in vain!  
For freedom's morning smile  
Broadens across the seas from isle to isle.  
By reverent lips let this fond word be said:  
Love for our dead!

*Clinton Scollard*

## *HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE*

*H*OW sleep the Brave who sink to rest  
By all their country's wishes blest!  
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,  
Returns to deck their hallowed mold,  
She there shall dress a sweeter sod  
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung:  
By forms unseen their dirge is sung:  
There honor comes, a pilgrim gray,  
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;  
And Freedom shall awhile repair,  
To dwell a weeping hermit there.

*William Collins*



*Memorial Day*

*MEMORIAL DAY*

GATHER the garlands rare to-day,  
Snow-white roses and roses red;  
Gather the fairest flowers of May,  
Heap them up on the graves of clay,  
Gladden the graves of the noble dead.

Pile them high as the soldiers were  
Piled on the field when they fought and fell;  
They will rejoice in their new place there  
To-day, as they walk where the fragrant air  
Is sweet with the scent of asphodel.

Many a time, I've heard it said,  
They fell so thick where the battles were,  
Their hot blood rippled, and, running red,  
Ran out like a rill from the drifted dead  
Staining the heath and the daisies there.

This day the friends of the soldiers keep,  
And they will keep it through all the years,  
To the silent city where soldiers sleep  
Will come with flowers, to watch and weep  
And water the garlands with their tears.

*Cy Warman*

## *Memorial Day*

### *MEMORIAL DAY*

#### I

**T**WINE laurels to lay o'er the Blue and the  
Gray, spread wreaths where our heroes  
rest;

Let the song of the North echo back from the  
South for the love that is truest and best!

Twine wreaths for the tombs of our Grant and  
our Lee, one anthem for Jackson and Meade.  
And the flag above you is the banner for me—  
one people in name and in deed!

#### II

Clasp hands o'er the graves where our laurelled  
ones lie—clasp hands o'er the Gray and the  
Blue;

To-day we are brothers and bound by a tie that  
the years shall but serve to renew;

By the side of the Northman who peacefully  
sleeps where tropical odors are shed

A song of the South his companionship keeps—  
one flag o'er the two heroes spread.

## *Memorial Day*

### III

Weave tokens of love for the heroes in blue,  
weave wreaths for the heroes in gray;  
Clasp brotherly hands o'er the graves that are  
new—for the love that is ours to-day;  
A trinity given to bless, to unite—three glorious  
records to keep,  
And a kinship that never a grievance shall sever  
renewed where the brave are asleep!

### IV

Spread flowers to-day o'er the Blue and the  
Gray—spread wreaths where our heroes rest;  
Let the song of the North echo back from the  
South for the love that is truest and best!  
Twine wreaths for the tombs of our Grant and  
our Lee, one hymn for your father and mine!  
Oh, the flag you adore is the banner for me and  
its folds our dead brothers entwine.

*Samuel Ellsworth Kiser*

*The New Memorial Day*

*THE NEW MEMORIAL DAY*

OH, the roses we plucked for the blue  
And the lilies we twined for the gray,  
We have bound in a wreath,  
And in silence beneath,  
Slumber our heroes to-day.

Over the new-turned sod  
The sons of our fathers stand,  
And the fierce old fight  
Slips out of sight  
In the clasp of a brother's hand.

For the old blood left a stain  
That the new has washed away,  
And the sons of those  
That have faced as foes  
Are marching together to-day.

Oh, the blood that our fathers gave!  
Oh, the tide of our mothers' tears!  
And the flow of red,  
And the tears they shed,  
Embittered a sea of years.

## *Soldier, Rest*

But the roses we plucked for the blue,  
And the lilies we twined for the gray,  
We have bound in a wreath,  
And in glory beneath  
Slumber our heroes to-day.

*Albert Bigelow Paine*

## *SOLDIER, REST*

**S**OLDIER, rest! thy warfare o'er,  
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;  
Dream of battle-fields no more,  
Days of danger, nights of waking,  
In our isle's enchanted hall,  
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing;  
Fairy strains of music fall,  
Every sense in slumber dewing.  
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,  
Dream of fighting fields no more:  
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,  
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,  
Armor's clang, or war-steed's champing;  
Trump nor pibroch summon here,  
Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.

*Song for Decoration Day*

Yet the lark's shrill fife may come,  
At the day-break, from the fallow,  
And the bittern sound his drum,  
Booming from the sedgy shallow.  
Ruder sounds shall none be near,  
Guards nor warders challenge here,  
Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,  
Shouting clans, or squadrons stamping.

*Sir Walter Scott*

*SONG FOR DECORATION DAY*

**B**RING forth the flowers,  
Sweet fragrant flowers,  
Born in the sunshine  
And sparkling with dew;  
Here while we sing,  
Gladly we bring  
Offerings meet for the brave and true.  
Daisies and buttercups, roses and lilies fair,  
Dainty forget-me-nots, violets blue.

Bring forth the flowers, sweet fragrant flowers,  
Offerings sweet for the brave and the true.

## *We Keep Memorial Day*

Heap high the flowers,  
Sweet-scented flowers,  
Bright garlands strew o'er their graves every-  
where;  
While just above,  
The flag that we love  
Still floats its stars and stripes on the air.  
Flag of our Union, brave soldiers defend thee,  
Lay down their lives for thy color so fair,  
Heap high the flowers, sweet-scented flowers,  
Bright garlands strew o'er their graves every-  
where.

*Helen C. Bacon*

## *WE KEEP MEMORIAL DAY*

*W*HEN the May has culled her flowers for  
the summer waiting long,  
And the breath of early roses woos the hedges  
into song,  
Comes the throb of martial music and the ban-  
ners in the street,  
And the marching of the millions bearing gar-  
lands fair and sweet—

*We Keep Memorial Day*

'Tis the Sabbath of the Nation, 'tis the floral  
feast of May!

In remembrance of our heroes  
We keep Memorial Day.

They are sleeping in the valleys, they are sleep-  
ing 'neath the sea,

They are sleeping by the thousands till the royal  
reveille;

Let us know them, let us name them, let us honor  
one and all,

For they loved us and they saved us, springing  
at the bugle call;

Let us sound the song and cymbal, wreath the  
immortelles and bay.

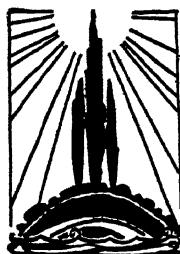
In the fervor of thanksgiving  
We keep Memorial Day.

*Kate Brownlee Sherwood*



# FLAG DAY

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## *THE AMERICAN FLAG*

**W**HEN Freedom from her mountain height  
Unfurled her standard to the air,  
She tore the azure robe of night,  
And set the stars of glory there.  
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes  
The milky baldric of the skies,  
And striped its pure celestial white  
With streakings of the morning light;  
Then from his mansion in the sun  
She called her eagle bearer down,  
And gave into his mighty hand  
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud,  
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,  
To hear the tempest trummings loud  
And see the lightning lances driven,  
When strive the warriors of the storm,  
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven,  
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given  
To guard the banner of the free,

## *The American Flag*

To hover in the sulphur smoke,  
To ward away the battle stroke,  
And bid its blending shine afar,  
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,  
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,  
The sign of hope and triumph high,  
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,  
And the long line comes gleaming on.  
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,  
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,  
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn  
To where thy sky-born glories burn,  
And, as his springing steps advance,  
Catch war and vengeance from the glance,  
And when the cannon-mouthings loud  
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,  
And gory sabers rise and fall  
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,  
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,  
And cowering foes shall shrink beneath  
Each gallant arm that strikes below  
That lovely messenger of death.

## *The American Flag*

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave  
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;  
When death, careering on the gale,  
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,  
And frightened waves rush wildly back  
Before the broadside's reeling rack,  
Each dying wanderer of the sea  
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,  
And smile to see thy splendors fly  
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!

By angel hands to valor given;  
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,  
And all thy hues were born in heaven.  
Forever float that standard sheet!

Where breathes the foe but falls before us,  
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,  
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

*Joseph Rodman Drake*

*The American Flag*

*THE AMERICAN FLAG*

LIFT it high, our glorious banner;  
Let it wave upon the breeze;  
Freedom's starry emblem ever,  
Lift it high o'er land and seas.

Many conflicts it has witnessed,  
Many stories it could tell  
Of the brave who fought around it,  
Of the brave who 'neath it fell.

Scenes of woe and desolation,  
Scenes of joy o'er vic'tries won;  
Scenes of rest and peaceful union;  
Freedom now for every one.

Lift the flag, then, high above us,  
May it wave till time shall cease,  
And its record for the future,  
Be of happiness and peace!

*Lena E. Faulds*

*The Flag*

*THE FLAG*

SPIRITS of patriots, hail in heaven again  
The flag for which ye fought and died,  
Now that its field, washed clear of every stain,  
Floats out in honest pride!

Free blood flows through its scarlet veins once  
more,  
And brighter shine its silver bars;  
A deeper blue God's ether never wore  
Amongst the golden stars.

See how our earthly constellation gleams;  
And backward, flash for flash, returns  
Its heavenly sisters their immortal beams  
With light that fires and burns,—

That burns because a moving soul is there,  
A living force, a shaping will,  
Whose law the fate-forecasting powers of air  
Acknowledge and fulfill.

At length the day, by prophets seen of old,  
Flames on the crimsoned battlefields;  
Henceforth, O flag, no mortal bought and sold,  
Shall crouch beneath thy shade.

## *The Flag*

That shame has vanished in the darkened past,  
With all the wild chaotic wrongs  
That held the struggling centuries shackled fast  
With fear's accursed thongs.

Therefore, O patriot fathers, in your eyes  
I brandish thus our banner pure;  
Watch o'er us, bless us, from your peaceful  
skies,  
And make the issue sure!

*George Henry Boker*

## *THE FLAG*

*W*HY do I love our flag? Ask why  
Flowers love the sunshine. Or, ask why  
The needle turns with eager eye  
Toward the great stars in northern sky.

I love Old Glory, for it waved  
Where loyal hearts the Union saved.  
I love it, since it shelters me  
And all most dear, from sea to sea,  
I love it, for it bravely flies  
In freedom's cause, 'neath foreign skies.



## *The Flag*

I love it for its blessed cheer,  
Its starry hopes and scorn of fear;  
For good achieved and good to be  
To us and to humanity.

It is the people's banner bright,  
Forever guiding toward the light;  
Foe of the tyrant, friend of right,  
God give it leadership, and might!

*Edward A. Horton.*

## *THE FLAG*

LET it idly droop, or sway,  
To the wind's light will;  
Furl its stars, or float in day;  
Flutter, or be still!  
It has held its colors bright,  
Through the war smoke dun;  
Spotless emblem of the Right,  
Whence success was won.

Let it droop in graceful rest  
For a passing hour—  
Glory's banner, last and best;  
Freedom's freshest flower!

## *The Flag*

Each red stripe has blazoned forth  
Gospels writ in blood;  
Every star has sung the birth  
Of some deathless good.

Let it droop, but not too long!  
On the eager wind  
Bid it wave, to shame the wrong;  
To inspire mankind  
With a larger, human love;  
With a truth as true  
As the heaven that broods above  
Its deep field of blue.

In the gathering hosts of hope,  
In the march of man,  
Open for it place and scope,  
Bid it lead the van;  
Till beneath the searching skies  
Martyr-blood be found,  
Purer than our sacrifice,  
Crying from the ground:

Till a flag with some new light  
Out of Freedom's sky,  
Kindles, through the gulfs of night,  
Holier blazonry.

## *The Flag Goes By*

Let its glow the darkness drown!  
Give our banner sway,  
Till its joyful stars go down,  
In undreamed-of day!

*Lucy Larcom.*

## *THE FLAG GOES BY*

**H**ATS off!

Along the street there comes  
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,  
A flash of color beneath the sky;  
Hats off!  
The flag is passing by!

Blue and crimson and white it shines,  
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.  
Hats off!  
The colors before us fly;  
But more than the flag is passing by.

Sea-fights and land-fights, grim and great,  
Fought to make and to save the State:  
Weary marches and sinking ships;  
Cheers of victory on dying lips;

## *Flag o' My Land*

Days of plenty and years of peace;  
March of a strong land's swift increase;  
Equal justice, right and law,  
Stately honor and reverent awe;  
Sign of a nation, great and strong  
To ward her people from foreign wrong;  
Pride and glory and honor,—all  
Live in the colors to stand or fall.

Hats off!

Along the street there comes  
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;  
And loyal hearts are beating high:  
Hats off!  
The flag is passing by!

*Henry Holcomb Bennett*

## *FLAG O' MY LAND*

**U**P to the breeze of the morning I fling you.  
Blending your folds with the dawn in  
the sky;

There let the people behold you, and bring you  
Love and devotion that never shall die.

Proudly, agaze at your glory, I stand,  
Flag o' my land! flag o' my land!

## *Flag o' My Land*

Standard most glorious! banner of beauty!

Whither you beckon me there will I go,  
Only to you, after God, is my duty;

Unto no other allegiance I owe.

Heart of me, soul of me, yours to command,  
Flag o' my land! flag o' my land!

Pine to palmetto and ocean to ocean,

Though of strange nations we get our in-  
crease,

Here are your worshippers one in devotion,

Whether the bugles blow battle or peace,

Take us and make us your patriot band,

Flag o' my land! flag o' my land!

Now to the breeze of the morning I give you,

Ah! but the days when the staff will be bare!

Teach us to see you and love you and live you

When the light fades and your folds are not  
there.

Dwell in the hearts that are yours to com-  
mand,

Flag o' my land! flag o' my land!

*T. A. Daly*

*FLAG OF THE FREE*

LOOK at the flag as it floats on high,  
Streaming aloft in the clear, blue sky,  
Rippling, leaping, tugging away,  
Gay as the sunshine, bright as the day,  
Throbbing with life, where the world may see—  
Flag of our country, flag of the free!  
What do we see in the flag on high,  
That we bare our heads as it passes by,  
That we thrill with pride, and our hearts beat  
fast,  
And we cheer and cheer as the flag goes past—  
The flag that waves for you and me—  
Flag of our country, flag of the free?

We see in the flag a nation's might.  
The pledge of a safeguard day and night,  
Of a watchful eye and a powerful arm  
That guard the nation's homes from harm,  
Of a strong defense on land and sea—  
Flag of our country, flag of the free!  
We see in the flag a union grand,  
A brotherhood of heart and hand,

## *The Little Flags*

A pledge of love and a stirring call  
To live our lives for the good of all—  
Helpful and just and true to thee,  
Flag of our country, flag of the free!

Flutter, dear flag, o'er the lands and the seas!  
Fling out your stars and your stripes to the  
breeze,  
Righting all wrongs, dispelling all fear,  
Guarding the land that we cherish so dear,  
And the God of our fathers, abiding with thee,  
Will bless you and trust you, O flag of the free!

*Walter Taylor Field*

## *THE LITTLE FLAGS*

OH, when you see them flying  
Beside the summer way—  
The little flags they put in place  
Upon Memorial Day—  
Remember each is crying  
A message straight to you—  
A message straight to every lad  
Whose heart is clean and true.

## *My Country's Flag*

They tell the splendid story  
Of those who marched away  
In answer to a voice that said,  
"Your country calls! Obey!"  
They heard the call to glory,  
As you can, if you try:  
"Your flag demands your best to-day,  
Not sometime, by and by!"

*John Clair Minot*

## *MY COUNTRY'S FLAG*

**T**HIS is my country's flag,  
And I am my country's boy!  
To love and serve her well  
Will ever be my joy.

*Juniata Stafford*

## *OLD FLAG*

**W**HAT shall I say to you, Old Flag?  
You are so grand in every fold,  
So linked with mighty deeds of old,  
So steeped in blood where heroes fell,  
So torn and pierced by shot and shell,



## *Old Flag*

So calm, so still, so firm, so true,  
My throat swells at the sight of you,  
Old Flag.

What of the men who lifted you, Old Flag,  
Upon the top of Bunker's Hill,  
Who crushed the Briton's cruel will,  
'Mid shock and roar and crash and scream,  
Who crossed the Delaware's frozen stream,  
Who starved, who fought, who bled, who died,  
That you might float in glorious pride,  
Old Flag?

What of the women brave and true, Old Flag,  
Who, while the cannon thundered wild,  
Sent forth a husband, lover, child,  
Who labored in the field by day,  
Who, all the night long, knelt to pray,  
And thought that God great mercy gave,  
If only freely you might wave,  
Old Flag?

What is your mission now, Old Flag?  
What but to set all people free,  
To rid the world of misery,

## *Old Flag Forever*

To guard the right, avenge the wrong,  
And gather in one joyful throng  
Beneath your folds in close embrace  
All burdened ones of every race,  
Old Flag.

Right nobly do you lead the way, Old Flag,  
Your stars shine out for liberty,  
Your white stripes stand for purity,  
Your crimson claims that courage high  
For Honor's sake to fight and die.  
Lead on against the alien shore!  
We'll follow you e'en to Death's door,  
Old Flag.

*Hubbard Parker*

## *OLD FLAG FOREVER*

SHE'S up there,—Old Glory,—where light-  
nings are sped;  
She dazzles the nations with ripples of red;  
And she'll wave for us living, or droop o'er us  
dead,—  
The flag of our country forever!  
She's up there,—Old Glory,—how bright the  
stars stream!

## *A Song for Flag Day*

And the stripes like red signals of light are  
agleam!

And we dare for her, living, or dream the last  
dream,

'Neath the flag of our country forever!

She's up there,—Old Glory,—no tyrant-dealt  
scars,

No blur on her brightness, no stain on her stars!

The brave blood of heroes hath crimsoned her  
bars.

She's the flag of our country forever!

*Frank L. Stanton*

## *A SONG FOR FLAG DAY*

OUT on the breeze,  
O'er land and seas,  
A beautiful banner is streaming.  
Shining its stars,  
Splendid its bars,  
Under the sunshine 'tis gleaming.

Over the brave  
Long may it wave,  
Peace to the world ever bringing.

## *Stand by the Flag*

While to the stars,  
Linked with the bars,  
Hearts will forever be singing.

*Lydia Avery Coonley Ward*

## *STAND BY THE FLAG*

**S**TAND by the flag! On land and ocean  
billow

By it your fathers stood unmoved and true,  
Living, defended—dying, from their pillow,  
With their last blessing, passed it on to you.

Stand by the flag, all doubt and treason scorning!  
Believe with courage firm and faith sublime,  
That it will float, until the eternal morning  
Pales in its glories all the lights of Time!

*John Nichols Wilder*

## *THE STARS AND STRIPES*

**R**ALLY round the flag, boys—  
Give it to the breeze!  
That's the banner that we bore  
On the land and seas.

*We'll Fling the Starry Banner Out*

Brave hearts are under it,  
Let the traitors brag,  
Gallant lads, fire away!  
And fight for the flag.

Their flag is but a rag—  
Ours is the true one;  
Up with the Stars and Stripes!  
Down with the new one!

Let our colors fly, boys—  
Guard them day and night;  
For victory is liberty,  
And God will bless the right.

*James T. Fields*

*WE'LL FLING THE STARRY BANNER OUT*

*W*E'LL fling the Starry Banner out,  
That nations from afar  
May read of freedom's holy light  
Grafted in stripe and star.

We'll fling the Starry Banner out,  
Because it tells a story,  
Of days that prompted sons and sires  
To deeds of love and glory.

*We'll Fling the Starry Banner Out*

We'll fling the Starry Banner out,  
From Maine to Golden Gate;  
It breathes a love for liberty,  
That kings and tyrants hate.

We'll fling the Starry Banner out,  
That patriot hands unfurled;  
Proudly it floats o'er land and sea,  
A lamp to light the world.

We'll fling the Starry Banner out,  
Nor shall a star be riven  
From out its field of blue so bright,  
And typical of heaven.

We'll fling the Starry Banner out,  
And guard with greatest care,  
Its stripes and stars, and field of blue,  
In peace as well as war.

We'll fling the Starry Banner out,  
So that it may become  
The pride of every patriot's heart,  
And a joy in every home.

*William F. Knott*

# INDEPENDENCE DAY

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## AMERICA

MY country, 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing;  
Land where my fathers died,  
Land of the pilgrims' pride,  
From every mountain-side  
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,  
Land of the noble free,—  
Thy name I love;  
I love thy rocks and rills,  
Thy woods and templed hills;  
My heart with rapture thrills  
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,  
And ring from all the trees;  
Sweet freedom's song;  
Let mortal tongues awake,  
Let all that breathe partake,  
Let rocks their silence break,—  
The sound prolong.

## *Concord Hymn*

Our fathers' God, to thee,  
Author of liberty,  
    To thee I sing;  
Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light;  
Protect us by thy might,  
    Great God our King.

*Samuel Francis Smith*

## *CONCORD HYMN*

**B**Y the rude bridge that arched the flood,  
    Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,  
Here once the embattled farmers stood,  
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;  
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;  
And Time the ruined bridge has swept  
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,  
We set to-day a votive stone;  
That memory may their deed redeem,  
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

## *Creed*

Spirit, that made those heroes dare  
To die, and leave their children free,  
Bid Time and Nature gently spare  
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

*Ralph Waldo Emerson*

## *CREED*

**L**ORD, let me not in service lag,  
Let me be worthy of our flag;  
Let me remember, when I'm tried,  
The sons heroic who have died  
In freedom's name, and in my way  
Teach me to be as brave as they.

In all I am, in all I do,  
Unto our flag I would be true;  
For God and country let me stand.  
Unstained of soul and clean of hand,  
Teach me to serve and guard and love  
The Starry Flag which flies above.

*Edgar A. Guest*

*Fourth of July*

*FOURTH OF JULY*

**D**AY of glory: Welcome day:  
Freedom's banners greet thy ray;  
See! how cheerfully they play  
With thy morning breeze,  
On the rocks where pilgrims kneeled  
On the heights where squadrons wheeled,  
When a tyrant's thunder pealed  
O'er the trembling seas.

God of armies: did thy stars  
On their courses smite his cars,  
Blast his arm, and wrest his bars  
From the heaving tide?  
On our standard, lo: they burn,  
And when days like this return,  
Sparkle o'er the soldier's urn  
Who for freedom died.

God of peace: whose spirit fills  
All the echoes of our hills,  
All the murmur of our rills,  
Now the storm is o'er,

### *Fourth of July Ode*

O let freemen be our sons,  
And let future Washingtons  
Rise, to lead their valiant ones  
Till there's war no more!

*John Pierpont*

### *FOURTH OF JULY ODE*

OUR fathers fought for liberty;  
They struggled long and well,  
History of their deeds can tell—  
But did they leave us free?

Are we free from vanity,  
Free from pride, and free from self,  
Free from love of power and pelf,  
From everything that's beggarly?

Are we free from stubborn will,  
From low hate and malice small,  
From opinion's tyrant thrall?  
Are none of us our own slaves still?

Are we free to speak our thought,  
To be happy, and be poor,  
Free to enter Heaven's door,  
To live and labor as we ought?

## *Nation's Birthday*

Are we, then, made free at last  
From the fear of what men say,  
Free to reverence To-day,  
Free from slavery of the Past?

Our fathers fought for liberty;  
They struggled long and well,  
History of their deeds can tell—  
But *ourselves* must set us free.

*James Russell Lowell*

## *NATION'S BIRTHDAY*

**R**ING out the joy bells! Once again,  
With waving flags and rolling drums  
We greet the Nation's Birthday, when,  
In glorious majesty it comes.  
Ah, day of days! Alone it stands,  
While, like a halo round it cast,  
The radiant work of patriot hands,  
Shines the bright record of the past.

Among the nations of the earth,  
What land hath story like our own?  
No thought of conquest marked her birth;

## *New National Hymn*

No greed of power was ever shown  
By those who crossed the ocean wild,  
That they might plant upon her sod  
A home for Peace and virtue mild,  
And altars rear to Freedom's God.

The right that conquered, and whose power  
Is shown in our broad land today;  
Shown in this bright and prosperous hour  
When peace and plenty gild our way;  
Shown in the glorious song that swells  
The hearts of men from South to North,  
And in its rapturous accents tells  
The story of our glorious Fourth.

*Mary E. Van Dyne*

## *NEW NATIONAL HYMN*

**H**AIL, Freedom! thy bright crest  
And gleaming shield, thrice blest  
Mirror the glories of a world thine own.  
Hail, heaven-born Peace! Our sight,  
Led by thy gentle light,  
Shows us the paths with deathless flowers strewn.  
Peace, daughter of a strife,  
Abide with us till strife be lost in endless time.

## *New National Hymn*

Honor the few who shared  
Freedom's first fight, and dared  
To face war's desperate tide at full flood;  
Who fell on hard won ground,  
And into Freedom's round  
Poured the sweet balsam of their brave heart's  
blood.  
They fell, but o'er that glorious grave  
Floats free the banner of the cause they died to  
save.

Father, whose mighty power  
Shields us through life's short hour,  
To thee we pray: Bless us and keep us free;  
All that is past forgive;  
Teach us henceforth to live  
That, through our country we may honor Thee;  
And when this mortal life shall cease,  
Take thou, at last, our souls to Thine eternal  
peace.

*Francis Marion Crawford*



## *The Republic*

### *THE REPUBLIC*

**T**HOU, too, sail on, O Ship of State!  
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!  
Humanity, with all its fears,  
With all the hopes of future years,  
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!  
We know what Master laid thy keel,  
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,  
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,  
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,  
In what a forge and what a heat  
Were forged the anchors of thy hope!  
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,—  
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;  
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,  
And not a rent made by the gale!  
In spite of rock, and tempest's roar,  
In spite of false lights on the shore,  
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!  
Our hearts, our hopes are all with thee,  
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,  
Our faith, triumphant o'er our fears,  
Are all with thee,—are all with thee!

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*  
[195]

*The Star-Spangled Banner*

*THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER*

O SAY, can you see, by the dawn's early light,  
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's  
last gleaming?

Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through  
the perilous fight,

O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly  
streaming!

And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting  
in air,

Gave proof through the night that our flag was  
still there;

O! say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave  
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the  
brave?

On that shore dimly seen through the mists of  
the deep,

Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence  
reposes,

What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering  
steep,

As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?  
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first  
beam,

## *The Star-Spangled Banner*

In full glory reflected now shines on the stream;  
'Tis the star-spangled banner; O long may it  
    wave  
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the  
    brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore  
That the havoc of war and the battle's con-  
    fusion

A home and a country should leave us no more?  
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps'  
    pollution.

No refuge could save the hireling and slave  
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the  
    grave;

And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth  
    wave

O'er the land of the free, and the home of the  
    brave.

O! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand  
Between their loved homes and the war's des-  
    olation!

Blest with victory and peace, may the heav'n-  
    rescued land

## *The Star-Spangled Banner*

Praise the power that hath made and preserved  
us a nation.

Then conquer we must, when our cause it is  
just,

And this be our motto—"In God is our trust:"

And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall  
wave

O'er the land of the free, and the home of the  
brave.

*Francis Scott Key*

# LABOR DAY





## *THE LAY OF THE LABORER*

*A* SPADE! a rake! a hoe!  
A pickaxe, or a bill!  
A hook to reap, or a scythe to mow,  
A flail, or what ye will,  
And here's a ready hand  
To ply the needful tool,  
And skilled enough, by lessons rough,  
In Labor's rugged school.

To hedge, or dig the ditch,  
To lop or fell the tree,  
To lay the swathe on the sultry field,  
Or plough the stubborn lea;  
The harvest stack to bind,  
The wheaten rick to thatch,  
And never fear in my pouch to find  
The tinder or the match.

\* \* \* \* \*

No parish money, or loaf,  
No pauper badges for me,  
[201]

*The Lay of The Laborer*

A son of the soil, by right of toil  
Entitled to my fee.  
No alms I ask, give me my task;  
Here are the arm, the leg,  
The strength, the sinews of a Man,  
To work, and not to beg.

Still one of Adam's heirs,  
Though doomed by chance of birth  
To dress so mean, and to eat the lean  
Instead of the fat of the earth;  
To make such humble meals  
As honest labor can,  
A bone and a crust, with a grace to God,  
And little thanks to man!

A spade! a rake! a hoe!  
A pickaxe, or a bill!  
A hook to reap, or a scythe to mow,  
A flail, or what ye will;  
Whatever the tool to ply,  
Here is a willing drudge,  
With muscle and limb, and woe to him  
Who does their pay begrudge!

*Thomas Hood*



*Night Cometh*

*NIGHT COMETH*

*W*ORK, for the night is coming,  
Work through the morning hours;  
Work while the dew is sparkling,  
Work 'mid springing flowers;  
Work when the day grows brighter,  
Work in the glowing sun;  
Work, for the night is coming,  
When man's work is done.

Work, for the night is coming,  
Work through the sunny noon;  
Fill brightest hours with labor,  
Rest comes sure and soon:  
Give every flying minute  
Something to keep in store;  
Work, for the night is coming  
When man works no more.

Work, for the night is coming,  
Under the sunset skies;  
While their bright tints are glowing,  
Work, for daylight flies:  
Work, till the last beam fadeth,

## *A Song of Work*

Fadeth to shine no more;  
Work, while the night is darkening,  
When man's work is o'er.

*Sidney Dyer*

## *A SONG OF WORK*

**W**ORK while the sun climbeth high in the  
heaven,

Work in the noon-day's dust and heat,  
Work till the evening its blessing hath given,  
Work while the moon keeps vigil sweet.  
Work while the verdant grasses are springing,  
Work in the summer's radiant glow,  
Work in the autumn with gladness and singing,  
Work in the time of frost and snow.

Labor is noble and rich is its guerdon,  
Sweet after toil comes peaceful rest.  
Take on thy shoulders, rejoicing, the burden,  
Pleasure is good, but work is best.  
Great is our Lord, of labor the master;  
Follow the path His feet have trod.  
Strive, with the joy of all honest endeavor;  
Then at the last, find rest with God.

*Mary Blake*

*Work*

*WORK*

*W*ORK!

Thank God for the might of it,  
The ardor, the urge, the delight of it,  
Work that springs from the heart's desire,  
Setting the brain and the soul on fire—  
Oh, what is so good as the heat of it,  
And what is so glad as the beat of it,  
And what is so kind as the stern command,  
Challenging brain and heart and hand?

Work!

Thank God for the pride of it,  
For the beautiful, conquering tide of it,  
Sweeping the life in its furious flood,  
Thrilling the arteries, cleansing the blood,  
Mastering stupor and dull despair,  
Moving the dreamer to do and dare.  
Oh, what is so good as the urge of it,  
And what is so glad as the surge of it,  
And what is so strong as the summons deep,  
Rousing the torpid soul from sleep?

Work!

Thank God for the pace of it,  
For the terrible, keen, swift race of it;

## *Work*

Fiery steeds in full control,  
Nostrils a-quiver to greet the goal.  
Work, the Power that drives behind,  
Guiding the purposes, taming the mind,  
Holding the runaway wishes back,  
Reining the will to one steady track,  
Speeding the energies faster, faster,  
Triumphing over disaster.  
Oh, what is so good as the pain of it,  
And what is so kind as the cruel goad,  
Forcing us on through the rugged road?

Work!

Thank God for the swing of it,  
For the clamoring, hammering ring of it,  
Passion and labor daily hurled  
On the mighty anvils of the world,  
Oh, what is so fierce as the flame of it?  
And what is so huge as the aim of it?  
Thundering on through dearth and doubt,  
Calling the plan of the Maker out.  
Work, the Titan: Work, the friend,  
Shaping the earth to a glorious end,  
Draining the swamps and blasting the hills,  
Doing whatever the Spirit wills—  
Rending a continent apart,

## *Work*

To answer the dream of the Master heart,  
Thank God for a world where none may shirk—  
Thank God for the splendor of work!

*Angela Morgan*

## *WORK*

LET me but do my work from day to day,  
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,  
In roaring market-place or tranquil room;  
Let me but find it in my heart to say,  
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,  
“This is my work; my blessing, not my doom;  
“Of all who live, I am the one by whom  
“This work can best be done in the right way.”

Then shall I see it not too great, nor small,  
To suit my spirit and to prove my powers;  
Then shall I cheerfully greet the laboring  
hours,  
And cheerfully turn, when the long shadows fall  
At eventide, to play and love and rest,  
Because I know for me my work is best.

*Henry van Dyke*



# COLUMBUS DAY

.







## THE BOY COLUMBUS

'*T*IS a wonderful story," I hear you say,  
    "How he struggled and worked and plead  
    and prayed,  
And faced every danger undismayed,  
With a will that would neither break nor bend.  
And discovered a new world in the end—  
But what does it teach to a boy of today?  
All the worlds are discovered, you know of  
    course,  
All the rivers are traced to their utmost source:  
If he had ever so much a mind  
    To become a discoverer famous;  
And if we'd much rather read a book  
About someone else, and the risks he took,  
    Why nobody, surely, can blame us."

So you think all the worlds are discovered now;  
All the lands have been charted and sailed about,  
Their mountains climbed, their secrets found out;  
All the seas have been sailed, and their currents  
    known—

## *Christopher Columbus*

To the uttermost isles the winds have blown  
They have carried a venturing prow?  
Yet there lie all about us new worlds, every-  
where,  
That wait their discoverer's footfall; spread fair  
Are electrical worlds that no eye has yet seen,  
And mechanical worlds that lie hidden serene  
And await their Columbus securely.  
There are new worlds in Science and new worlds  
in Art.  
And the boy who will work with his head and his  
heart  
Will discover his new world surely.

*Anonymous*

## *CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS*

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, where would  
I be  
If you had never crossed the sea,  
If you had never thought the earth a ball,  
If you had never cared to sail at all?  
Suppose the kind Queen Isabel  
Had loved her jewels far too well  
To sell them for a sailor true

*Christopher Columbus*

Like you,  
Christopher Columbus;  
Suppose your small ships made of wood,  
Were not so trusty, strong, and good,  
We should not keep your day each year,  
And I should not be standing here;  
Perhaps I'd live far, far away  
And never know Columbus Day.  
My house and every building tall—  
The school would not be here at all;  
Along the street where people go  
Only strong, strong trees would grow;  
And everywhere on lake and hill  
The land would be quite dark and still,  
With only wigwams on the ground  
And Indian children walking round,  
And not a stars and stripes in sight  
At evening or in morning light!

O dear, I wonder where I'd be  
If you had never crossed the sea,  
Christopher Columbus;  
I like it better far this way;  
I like to live at home and play;  
And so I'll keep Columbus Day!

## *Columbus*

I'm glad you sailed, I'm glad you knew  
The earth is round; I'm glad the good queen  
    trusted you,  
I'm glad you were so brave and wise and true!  
Christopher Columbus.

*Annette Wynne*

## *COLUMBUS*

**T**HE night air brings strange whisperings—  
    vague scents—

Over the unknown ocean, which his dreams  
Had spanned with visions of new continents;  
Fragrance of clove and cedar, and the balms  
With which the heavy tropic forest teems  
With murmur as of wind among the palms.

They breathe across the high deck where he  
    stands  
With far set eyes, as one who dreams awake  
Waiting sure dawn of undiscovered lands;  
Till on the slow lift of the purple swells,  
The golden radiances of morning break  
Lighting the emblazoned sails of Caravels.

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By inadvertence, these four stanzas of Mr. Going's poem in *STAR-GLOW AND SONG*, Harper, 1909, were presented in former editions as an entire composition. They are only the first movement

## *Columbus*

Then from the foremost sounds a sudden cry—  
The old world's startled greeting to the new—  
For lo! the land, across the western sky!  
The exultant land: Oh long-starved hopes,  
    black fears,  
Gibings of courtiers, mutinies of crew—  
Answered forever, as that shore appears.

Great Master Dreamer! Grander than Cathay,  
Richer than India—this new Western World  
Shall flourish when Castile has passed away.  
Not even thy gigantic vision spanned  
Its future, as with cross and flag unfurled,  
Thy deep *Te Deum* sounded on the strand.

*Charles Buxton Going*

## *COLUMBUS*

**G**IVE me white paper!  
    This which you use is black and rough  
    with smears  
Of sweat and grime, and fraud, and blood and  
    tears,  
Crossed with the story of men's sins and fears,  
Of battle and of famine all these years,

## *Columbus*

When all God's children had forgot their  
birth  
And drudged and fought and died like beasts  
of earth.

"Give me white paper!"  
One storm-trained seaman listened to the word;  
What no man saw he saw, he heard what no man  
heard.

In answer he compelled the sea  
To eager man to tell  
The secret she had kept so well!  
Left blood and guilt and tyranny behind—  
Sailing still west the hidden shore to find;  
For all mankind that unstained scroll unfurled,  
Where God might write anew the story of the  
World.

*Edward Everett Hale*

## *COLUMBUS*

*(January, 1487)*

ST. STEPHEN'S cloistered hall was proud  
In learning's pomp that day,  
For there a robed and stately crowd

## *Columbus*

Pressed on in long array.  
A mariner with simple chart  
Confronts that conclave high,  
While strong ambition stirs his heart,  
And burning thoughts of wonder dart  
From lip and sparkling eye.

What hath he said? With frowning face,  
In whispered tones they speak,  
And lines upon their tablets trace,  
Which flush each ashen cheek;  
The Inquisition's mystic doom  
Sits on their brows severe,  
And bursting forth in visioned gloom,  
Sad heresy from burning tomb  
Groans on the startled ear.

Courage, thou Genoese! Old Time  
Thy splendid dream shall crown;  
Yon Western Hemisphere sublime,  
Where unshorn forests frown,  
The awful Andes' cloud-wrapped brow,  
The Indian hunter's bow,  
Bold streams untamed by helm or prow,  
And rocks of gold and diamonds, thou  
To thankless Spain shall show.

## *Columbus*

Courage, World-finder! Thou hast need!  
In Fate's unfolding scroll,  
Dark woes and ingrate wrongs I read,  
That rack the noble soul.  
On! on! Creation's secrets probe,  
Then drink thy cup of scorn,  
And wrapped in fallen Cæsar's robe,  
Sleep like that master of the globe,  
All glorious,—yet forlorn.

*Lydia Huntley Sigourney*

## *COLUMBUS*

*A*N Italian boy that liked to play  
In Genoa about the ships all day,  
With curly head and dark, dark eyes,  
That gazed at earth in child surprise;  
And dreamed of distant stranger skies.

He watched the ships that came crowding in  
With cargo of riches; he loved the din  
Of the glad rush out and the spreading sails  
And the echo of far-off windy gales.

He studied the books of the olden day;  
He studied but knew far more than they;



## *Columbus Day*

He talked to the learned men of the school—  
So wise he was they thought him a fool,  
A fool with the dark, dark, dreamful eyes,  
A child he was—grown wonder-wise.

Youth and dreams are over, past  
And out, far out he is sailing fast  
Toward the seas he dreamed;—strange lands  
arise—  
The world is made rich by his great emprise—  
And the wisest know he was more than wise.

*Annette Wynne*

## *COLUMBUS DAY*

**D**O you wonder to see him in chains  
Whom once the King rose from his throne  
to greet?  
At Barcelona—the city decked herself  
To meet me, roared my name; the King and  
Queen  
Bade me be seated, speak, and tell them all  
The story of my voyage, and while I spoke  
The crowd's roar fell,  
And when I ceased to speak, the King and  
Queen

## *Columbus Day*

Sank from their thrones, and melted into tears,  
And knelt, and lifted hand and voice  
In praise to God who led me thro' the waste.

And now you see me in chains!  
Chains for him who gave a new heaven, a new  
earth,  
Gave glory and more empire to the Kings  
Of Spain than did all their battles! Chains for  
him  
Who pushed his prow into the setting sun,  
And made West East, and sail'd into the  
Dragon's mouth,  
And came upon the Mountain of the World,  
And saw the rivers fall from Paradise!

Eighteen long years of waste, seven in your  
Spain,  
Lost, showing courts and King a truth,—the  
earth a sphere.  
At Salamanca we fronted the learning of all  
Spain,  
All their cosmogonies, their astronomies;  
No guesswork! I was certain of my goal;  
At last their Highnesses were half-assured this  
earth might be a sphere.

*Palos, Spain, 1492*

Last night a dream I had—I sail'd  
On my first voyage, harass'd by the frights  
Of my first crew, their curses and their groans.  
The compass, like an old friend false at last  
In our most need, appall'd them, and the wind  
Still westward, and the weedy seas—at length  
The landbird, and the branch with berries on it,  
The carven staff—and at last the light, the light  
on Salvador.

All glory to God!  
I have accomplished what I came to do.  
I pray you tell King Ferdinand  
That I am loyal to him even unto death.

*Alfred Lord Tennyson*

*PALOS, SPAIN, 1492*

WHAT a stir in the harbor!  
What a stir in the street!  
What a stowing of cargo  
And noisy hurrying feet!

What a stir on the quay steps  
As the boats turn out to sea;

*Palos, Spain, 1492*

Were ever ships half so gallant  
As Columbus' little three?

What a waving of kerchiefs;  
What a stir in the breast;  
What a tumult of feeling  
As the ships dropped into the West.

\* \* \* \* \*

What a stir in Palos  
When the *Niña* came again;  
What a ringing of mad wild bells  
What a fêting of men!

What a stir in the earth and air  
As the mighty truth unfurled,  
Three ships and a crew and a great, great soul—  
Columbus—had found a world!

*Annette Wynne*

# ROOSEVELT'S BIRTHDAY

.





## BOY OF OLD MANHATTAN

A BOY of old Manhattan,  
A boy as you and I,  
Once watched its towers rising  
Until they spanned the sky.

A boy of old Manhattan,  
With granite in his soul,  
Beheld the star of Lincoln  
Above his steepled goal!

A boy of old Manhattan  
Built upward hour by hour;  
The edifice he visioned  
Became a nation's tower!

*Morris Abel Beer*

## IN THE COVE

THERE'S a hill above the harbor  
Which ebbs and flows beneath it there—  
A small hill, a grassy hill,  
The path is rough and steep;

*In the Cove*

The pine-trees sing above it,  
And creeping vines enwreath it there—  
The little quiet hilltop  
Where the Colonel lies asleep.

The circling seagulls wheel above  
When winter gales blow over it;  
The song-birds build their nests there,  
And rabbits run and play;  
The locust-trees drop scented flowers,  
And moss and myrtle cover it,  
And the wind brings whiffs of sea-salt  
From the white-caps on the bay.

Close, close within the heart of home  
The soldier lays him down at last;  
Deep in the quiet Cove he loved  
The hunter is at rest;  
The Heart of all the Nation sleeps  
Upon our tiny hill at last,  
While all the trumpets sound for him  
Beyond the shining West.

*Mary Fanny Youngs*



*Our Colonel*

OUR COLONEL

DEEP loving, well knowing  
His world and its blindness,  
A heart overflowing  
With measureless kindness,

Undaunted in labor  
(And Death was a trifle),  
Steel true as a sabre,  
Direct as a rifle.

All Man in his doing,  
All Boy in his laughter,  
He fronted, unerring,  
The Now and Hereafter.

A storm-battling cedar,  
A comrade, a brother—  
Oh, such was our Leader,  
Beloved as no other!

When weaker souls faltered  
His courage remade us  
Whose tongue never paltered,  
Who never betrayed us.

## *The Prophet*

His hand on your shoulder  
All honors exceeding,  
What breast but was bolder,  
Because he was leading!

And still in our trouble,  
In peace or in war-time,  
His word shall redouble  
Our strength as afore-time.

When wrongs cry for righting,  
No odds shall appall us;  
To clean honest fighting  
Again he will call us,

And, cow-boys, or dough-boys,  
We'll follow his drum, boys,  
Who never said, "Go, boys!"  
But always said, "Come, boys!"

*Arthur Guiterman*

## *THE PROPHET*

*A*MERICA has nourished wiser sons,  
More cultured men have graced her halls  
of state

But Roosevelt she destined to be great,  
And he is now among her deathless ones.

## *Roosevelt*

Smooth words he scorned, hypocrisy he  
spurned;  
The truth to him was as a fiery sword;  
He stood a mighty prophet of the Lord  
To scourge the wrong, though flames about him  
burned,  
His judgment erred, his conscience never failed;  
Through fateful nights, within his dauntless  
heart  
The great light gleamed which was of him a part;  
His courage waxed when lesser spirits quailed.  
Through all the years shall live this sovereign  
man.  
Stout heart, high mind, great-souled American.

*Thomas Curtis Clark*

## *ROOSEVELT*

**H**E came out the void  
Buoyed upon the surging tides.  
He braved the West,  
Defied the wide frontiers;  
He trekked the continents  
And enthroned his name  
Among the white, the black, the brown, the  
yellow men.

*Theodore Roosevelt*

He trod the frond,  
Fording the darkened streams  
That glide through jungles  
To the tropic sea.  
He spanned the globe,  
He swept the skies,  
And moved beneath the eaters of the deep.  
He entered all the portals of the world.  
A vibrant, thrilled, exhaustless, restless soul;  
Riding at last the very stars—  
Asleep.

*Robert H. Davis*

*THEODORE ROOSEVELT*

*H*IS name, when uttered, thrills the world  
And charms its millions through  
And flags of nations are unfurled  
In honor of his name so great and true.

\* \* \* \* \*

A life of vigor he had wrought;  
He labored to the end;  
A man of vision and forethought—  
The common people's friend.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Theodore Roosevelt*

He loved and served his country's laws  
With devotion deep and true.  
This heart was wrapped in Freedom's cause,  
His life inspires us thru and thru.

\* \* \* \* \*

The spirit of true Americanism  
He preached and practiced, too;  
His great heart burned with patriotism  
That thrilled the nation through.

\* \* \* \* \*

He blessed the world in many ways;  
His vision reached afar;  
Like the sun sends forth its rays,  
His life's a blazing star.

\* \* \* \* \*

High in the hall of matchless fame  
Where the names of heroes blaze,  
We'll write his wondrous glorious name  
As the world joins in his praise.

*William W. Peavyhouse*

*Valiant for Truth*

*VALIANT FOR TRUTH*

VALIANT for Truth has gone—Alas, that he  
has left us,  
Valiant for Truth, the leader that we love.  
Where shall we find his like? Grim death, thou  
hast bereft us  
Of that great force that lifted us above.

Valiant for Truth, thy voice rang strong, and  
clear, and loudly,  
We had not borne to have its accents fail;  
Nor would we choose, O Knight, that thou  
shouldst go less proudly  
Ardent and young, upon the last, long trail.

What though we stumble blindly over ways that  
darken,  
We are not worthy if we do not fare  
Forth to the West, where still thy voice calls  
us to hearken—  
Up to the heights, and we shall meet thee  
there.

### *Who Goes There?*

“Valiant for Truth has come,” thus all the  
trumpets sounded,

Valiant for Truth who faltered not, nor fell;  
Fearless he rode the trail, the last long trail  
unbounded,

Rode to the final goal, where all is well.

*Corinne Roosevelt Robinson*

### *WHO GOES THERE?*

**W**HO goes there? An American!  
Brain and spirit, brawn and heart.  
Twas for him that the nations spared  
Each to the years its noblest part,  
Till from the Dutch, the Gaul, and Celt  
Blossomed the soul of Roosevelt.

Student, trooper, and gentleman,  
Level lidded with times and kings,  
His the voice for the comrades' cheer;  
His the ear when the sabre rings.  
Then shades of the old days melt  
In the quick glance of Roosevelt.

### *Who Goes There?*

Hand that's moulded to hilt of sword,  
Heart that ever has laughed at fear,  
Type and pattern of civic pride,  
Wit and grace of the cavalier.  
All that his fathers prayed and felt  
Gleams in the glance of Roosevelt.

Who goes there? An American!  
Man to the core as men should be.  
Let him pass through the line alone,  
Type of the sons of liberty.  
Here where his fathers' fathers dwelt  
Honor and faith for Roosevelt.

*Grace Duffie Boylan*



# ARMISTICE DAY





## AMERICA'S ANSWER

REST ye in peace, ye Flanders dead,  
The fight that ye so bravely led  
We've taken up. And we will keep  
True faith with you who lie asleep  
With each a cross to mark his bed,  
And poppies blowing overhead,  
Where once his own life blood ran red.  
So let your rest be sweet and deep  
In Flanders fields.

Fear not that ye have died for naught,  
The torch ye threw to us we caught.  
Ten million hands will hold it high,  
And Freedom's light shall never die!  
We've learned the lesson that ye taught  
In Flanders fields.

*R. W. Lillard*

## ARMISTICE NIGHT

LEST we forget!  
The months swing into years,  
Our souls are caught in trivial things again.

## *For Remembrance*

We laugh at what we once beheld with tears.  
In petty strife we ease our souls their pain.  
Lest we forget!

*Curtis Wheeler*

## *FOR REMEMBRANCE*

*W*HAT is it, O dear Country of our pride,  
We pledge anew that we will not forget?  
To keep on Freedom's altar burning yet  
The fires for which a myriad heroes died  
Known and unknown, beyond the far sea's tide  
That their great gift be no futility.

Faith with the Dead kept through our living  
faith;  
In this alone the true remembrance lies,  
The unfading garland for the sacrifice,  
To prove their dream of Brotherhood no wraith,  
No moment's hope—its birth-pang one with  
death—  
But the fixed goal of our humanity.

*Basil Ebers*

*Forget-Me-Not Day*

*FORGET-ME-NOT DAY*

SHALL we forget, when Nations meet,  
To join again the broken ties—  
The days of War, and marching feet  
    Beneath the stars of other skies—  
Or will the years  
Have dimmed the tears  
    And longing in our eyes?

Shall we forget the crowded graves,  
    Blood-stained beneath a wooden cross,  
And bodies in the restless waves  
    That undiscovered float and toss,—  
Or will our pride in those who died  
    Repay us for our loss?

Shall we forget the ones so brave—  
    The aviators of the sky,  
When comrades, on a hurried grave,  
    Dropped tribute flowers from on high?  
So much to give,  
So good to live,  
    And yet they had to die.

## *In Flanders Fields*

Shall we forget the shattered nerves,  
Disabled forms and twisted minds,  
And those for whom the Darkness serves  
Because the war has left them blind?  
Oh! it is they  
Who still must pay,  
And need a world that's kind.

*Nan Terrell Reed*

## *IN FLANDERS FIELDS*

**I**N Flanders fields the poppies blow  
Between the crosses, row on row,  
That mark our place; and in the sky  
The larks, still bravely singing, fly  
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the dead: Short days ago  
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,  
Loved and were loved, and now we lie  
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe!  
To you from failing hands we throw  
The Torch. Be yours to hold it high!

*In Flanders Fields*

If ye break faith with us who die  
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow,  
In Flanders fields.

*John D. McCrae*

*IN FLANDERS FIELDS*

*(An Answer)*

**I**N Flanders fields the cannon boom  
And fitful flashes light the gloom,  
While up above, like eagles, fly  
The fierce destroyers of the sky;  
With stains the earth wherein you lie  
Is redder than the poppy bloom,  
In Flanders fields.

Sleep on, ye brave. The shrieking shell,  
The quaking trench, the startled yell,  
The fury of the battle hell  
Shall wake you not, for all is well.  
Sleep peacefully for all is well.

Your flaming torch aloft we bear,  
With burning heart on oath we swear  
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## *Memorial Day*

To keep the faith, to fight it through,  
To crush the foe or sleep with you  
In Flanders fields.

*C. B. Galbreath*

## *MEMORIAL DAY*

**I** HEARD a cry in the night from a far-flung  
host,  
From a host that sleeps through the years the  
last long sleep,  
By the Meuse, by the Marne, in the Argonne's  
shattered wood,  
In a thousand rose-thronged churchyards  
through our land.  
Sleeps! Do they sleep? I know I heard their  
cry,  
Shrilling along the night like a trumpet blast:  
"We died," they cried, "for a dream. Have  
ye forgot?  
We dreamed of a world reborn whence wars  
had fled,  
Where swords were broken in pieces and guns  
were rust,



## *Memorial Day*

Where the poor man dwelt in quiet, the rich  
in peace,  
And children played in the streets, joyous and  
free.  
We thought we could sleep content in the task  
well done;  
But the rumble of guns rolls over us, iron upon  
iron  
Sounds from the forge where are fashioned  
guns anew;  
New fleets spring up in new seas, and under  
the wave  
Stealthy new terrors swarm, with embowelled  
death.  
Fresh cries of hate ring out loud from the dem-  
agogue's throat,  
While greed reaches out afresh to grasp new  
lands.  
Have we died in vain, in vain? Is our dream  
denied?  
You men who live on the earth we bought with  
our woe,  
Will ye stand idly by while they shape new  
wars,

## *Our Dead Heroes*

Or will ye rise, who are strong, to fulfill our  
dream,  
To silence the demagogue's voice, to crush the  
fools  
Who play with the blood-stained toys that  
crowd new graves?  
We call, we call in the night, will ye hear and  
heed?"

In the name of our dead will we hear? Will  
we grant them sleep?

*William E. Brooks*

## *OUR DEAD HEROES*

**R**EST on, O heroes! in your silent slumber!  
Hail and farewell, ye mighty, moveless  
dead!

Long as her centuries Earth shall know and  
number,  
Green be the laurel boughs above ye spread.

Your course is sped; your record man remem-  
bers,  
And God's own hand your sacred dust shall  
keep;

## *Old Soldier Dead*

Though all the flame hath left those mortal  
embers,

Upward it sprang, with bright, immortal leap.

Sleep in your country's heart; forever holy  
Your memory shines along the slopes we tread;  
Another hundred years their incense lowly  
Ere long shall o'er your sculptured honors shed.

And we who bring you grace and salutation,  
We, too, shall sleep; and nobler tribes of men  
Shall offer here the homage of a nation  
Rich with a wisdom far beyond our ken.

But still, as years return, shall man returning  
Fight, fall, despair, or chant the conqueror's  
psalm,

Still the same light in patriot hearts be burning,  
And Heaven, still just, bestow the martyr's palm.

*Rose Terry Cooke*

## *OLD SOLDIER DEAD*

**I**N Flanders fields, where poppies blow,"  
In France where beauteous roses glow,  
There let them rest—forever sleep,  
While we eternal vigil keep

## *Old Soldier Dead*

With our heart's love—with our soul's pray'r,  
For all our Fallen "Over There."

The sounding sea between us rolls  
And in perpetual requiem tolls—  
Three thousand miles of cheerless space  
Lie 'twixt us and their resting place;  
'Twas God who took them by the hand  
And left them in the stranger land.

The earth is sacred where they fell—  
Forever on it lies the spell  
Of hero deeds in Freedom's cause,  
And men unborn shall come and pause  
To say a prayer, or bow the head;  
So leave these graves to hold their dead.

Let not our sighing nor our tears  
Fall on them through the coming years  
Who on the land, on sea, in air,  
With dauntless courage everywhere,  
Their homes and country glorified—  
Stood to their arms and smiling died.

Great France will leave no need nor room  
That we place flowers on their tomb—

## *Peace*

And proudly o'er their resting place,  
Will float forever in its grace,  
O'er cross, and star, and symbol tag,  
Their own beloved country's flag.

*Annette Kohn*

## *PEACE*

*P*EACE, battle-worn and starved, and gaunt  
and pale

Rises like mist upon a storm-swept shore.

Rises from out the blood-stained fields and bows  
her head,

Blessing the passionate dead

Who gladly died that she might live forevermore.

Unheeding generations come and go,

And careless men and women will forget,

Caught in the whirling loom. Who tapestried  
To-day

Flings Yesterday away,

And covers up the crimsoned West whose sun  
has set.

But faithful ghosts, like shepherds, will return  
To call the flocking shades and break with them

## *Remembering Day*

Love-bread, and Peace will strain them to her  
breast, and weep,  
And deathless vigil keep.  
Yea, Peace, while worlds endure, will sing their  
requiem.

*G. O. Warren*

## *REMEMBERING DAY*

*A*LL the soldiers marching along;  
All the children singing a song;  
All the flowers dewy and sweet;  
All the flags hung out in the street;  
Hearts that throb in a grateful way—  
For this is our Remembering Day.

*Mary Wight Saunders*

## *SAINTE JEANNE*

*T*HERE is a little church in France to-day  
Where once a simple maiden knelt, who  
now  
Wears God's insignia upon her brow—  
First of all the saints to whom her people pray.

*Sainte Jeanne*

Maid of the Lilies, warrior of the Sword,  
Jeanne d'Arc,  
True soldier in the service of the Lord,  
Shall you not hark?

To-day the candles burn before your shrine,  
Your banner glows within the sacred space,  
But not alone, for with it, by God's grace,  
There does another of its color shine;  
Two and yet one—a holy thing enshrined,  
Sainte Jeanne,  
Two banners at Domremy are entwined,  
Bless them as one.

There is a little church in France to-day;  
How many prayers have risen thence to you!  
For their sake heed another prayer and new,  
Strange words yet beautiful your people say.  
Bend down between the lilies and the lance,  
Sainte Jeanne.

“For those Americans who died for France,”  
Light their souls on!

There is a little church in France to-day;  
Your people kneel about the altar there.  
You who were warrior and woman, hear

## *The Soldier's Dirge*

With hands of very love this prayer they pray :  
A simple prayer for those souls chivalrous  
Who dared the dark,  
"For those Americans who died for us,"  
Jeanne d'Arc.

*Theodosia Garrison*

## *THE SOLDIER'S DIRGE*

**D**EAD in the battle—dead on the field:  
More than his life can a soldier yield?  
Dead for his country, muffle the drums:  
Slowly the sad procession comes.  
The heart may ache, but the heart must swell  
With pride for the soldier who fought so well.  
His blood has burnished his sabre bright;  
To his memory, honor; to him, good-night.

*Elizabeth Harman*

## *TAPS*

**S**LEEP,  
Now that the charge is won,  
Sleep in the narrow clod;  
Now it is set of sun,  
Sleep till the trump of God.  
Sleep.



*To Men Unborn*

Sleep.  
Fame is a bugle call  
Blown past a crumbling wall;  
Battles are clean forgot;  
Captains and towns are not;  
Sleep shall outlast them all.  
Sleep.

*Lizette Woodworth Reese*

*TO MEN UNBORN*

WHEN spring comes on with freshness of  
new leaves,  
And gypsy meadows don their festive gear  
Of colored blooms, and when the ploughman  
cleaves  
The rich brown earth, and skies are blue and  
clear,  
When all the earth in sun goes revelling  
Until with life the autumn overflows  
And new ripe fruits and grains go gathering  
To trade in towns where peaceful commerce  
flows,  
Know then, O men unborn, in vain we cried  
For peace and drew forgotten swords and  
sent

## *The "Unknown" Dead*

Our youth to battle youth—so young they died  
All careless of the precious gift they spent!  
O priceless peace! Paid for with such dear life!  
Peace seen afar through grief and hate and  
strife!

*David Osborne Hamilton*

## *THE "UNKNOWN" DEAD*

THE "unknown" dead? Not so: we know  
him well,

Who died for us on that red soil of France,  
Who faced the fearful shock of gas and shell,  
And laughed at death in some blood-strewn  
advance.

Nameless, in truth, but crowned with such a  
name

As glory gives to those who greatly die;  
Who marched a single soldier, with the flame  
Of duty bidding him to Calvary.

He is all brothers dead, all lovers lost,  
All sons and comrades, resting there;  
They symbol of the knightly, fallen host,  
The sacred pledge of burdens yet to bear.

*The "Unknown" Dead*

Mangled and torn for whom we pray today,  
Whose soul rose grandly to God's peaceful  
throne,  
Leaving to us this quiet, shattered clay,  
Silent and still—unnamed—but not un-  
known.

*John R. Rathom*



# BOOK WEEK

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*A BOOK*

**T**HERE is no frigate like a book  
To take us lands away,  
Nor any courser like a page  
Of prancing poetry.  
This traverse may the poorest take  
Without oppress of toll;  
How frugal is the chariot  
That bears a human soul!

*Emily Dickinson*

*A BOOK* U

**I**'M a strange contradiction; I'm new, and I'm  
old,  
I'm often in tatters, and oft decked with gold,  
Though I never could read, yet lettered I'm  
found;  
Though blind, I enlighten; though loose, I am  
bound,  
I'm always in black, and I'm always in white  
I'm grave and I'm gay, I am heavy and light—

## *Book, Book*

In form too I differ,—I'm thick and I'm thin  
I've no flesh and no bones, yet I'm covered with  
skin;

I've more points than the compass, more stops  
than the flute;

I sing without voice, without speaking confute.  
I'm English, I'm German, I'm French, and I'm  
Dutch.

Some love me too fondly, some slight me too  
much;

I often die soon, though I sometimes live ages,  
And no monarch alive has so many pages.

*Hannah More*

## *BOOK, BOOK*

**B**OOK, book, I have found  
Earth, sea, air within you bound;  
I have talked with saints and sages,  
In your clear cool shining pages;  
I have searched the skies with you,  
Traced the planets through and through;  
You have been my comrade brave  
Or my willing, waiting slave.



*A Book is an Enchanted Gate*

Book, book, I have found  
Earth, sea, air, within you bound;  
Through your clear cool shining pages  
I have walked with saints and sages.

*Annette Wynne*

*A BOOK IS AN ENCHANTED GATE*

*A* BOOK is an enchanted gate,  
That leads to magic lands,  
But cross the threshold and your fate  
A poet's pen commands.

For on strange journeys you are led,  
Beyond your lamp-lit walls,  
Where Fancy ever strides ahead  
And onward subtly calls,

Until you leave the streets behind,  
Lost in a forest maze,  
And wander where the dim trails wind  
In singing, fragrant ways.

Or set adrift on castled streams,  
Where mellow moonbeams dance,

## *Books*

You sail, a voyager of dreams,  
To regions of Romance.

So when I weary of the town,  
Its whirling dust and din,  
I seek my books that never frown,  
When solace I would win.

For they, good friends in tale and rhyme,  
Have never failed to bring  
In troubled hours of autumn time,  
The lilac days of spring!

*Morris Abel Beer*

## *BOOKS* ↻

**B**OOKS, books that I love so,  
Poetry . . . fairy-tales . . . stories . . .  
All of them together make one huge book  
Broad as a mountain  
With golden pages  
And pictures of long ago.  
I read and I read . . . of living . . . of  
thoughts . . .  
Of queer things people tell:

## *Books*

If I could I would buy that huge book,  
All the world in one!  
But it cannot be bought  
For one penny or two.

*Hilda Conkling*

## *BOOKS* ~

*M*Y neighbor's books sit primly in a row—  
Dickens in blue, and Thackeray in red,  
Like Orphans dressed in their asylum gowns,  
With only numbers to distinguish them:  
And, like the Orphans, they are coldly clean;  
No dog's-eared pages there—no pencil marks;  
Even the dust is kept from them by glass;  
And there they sit, encloistered and aloof.

My books are not like that; they are my friends;  
They share my sorrow and they share my joy—  
Live as I live, and show their age, like me;  
Here's one has covers faded from the sun—  
It shared my holiday along the shore;  
This one companions me at breakfast-time,  
Each morning as I take my hasty meal,  
And gives me courage for the day's despite.  
(It's rather spotty, true; but, ah, so dear!)

## *Books Are Keys*

And each one has its own distinctive dress;  
A set of poets? Never!

Keats and Poe—

Imagine them attired in uniform!  
My Keats wears purple, and my Poe wears gray;  
And both are marked with many pencilings,  
And open at my favorite passages  
With sweet garrulity.

You lonely books  
Upon my neighbor's shelves, I pity you!

*Florence Van Cleve*

## *BOOKS ARE KEYS*

**B**OOKS are keys to wisdom's treasure;  
Books are gates to lands of pleasure;  
Books are paths that upward lead;  
Books are friends. Come let us read.

*Emilie Poulsson*

## *BOOKS ARE SOLDIERS*

**B**OOKS are soldiers gaily dressed, standing  
grave and tall,  
Like a halting regiment close against the wall;  
They have marched through many lands, over  
meadows green,

*My Book Holds Many Stories*

Cities great and monuments and rivers they have  
seen;  
All year long they wait to tell you wondrous  
things they know  
If you'll only listen;—Soldiers in a row,  
Tell me what you have to tell,  
Of the things you know so well;  
Tell me, soldiers, gaily dressed, standing grave  
and tall,  
Like a halting regiment, close against the wall.

*Annette Wynne*



*MY BOOK HOLDS MANY STORIES*

*M*Y book holds many stories, wrapped  
tightly in itself,  
And yet it never makes a noise but waits upon  
my shelf  
Until I come and take it; then soon my book  
and I  
Are sailing on a fairy sea or floating in the sky.

*Annette Wynne*

*The Nicest Story*

*THE NICEST STORY*

*I*'M going to write a story,  
The bestest ever told—  
The kind that little chil'ren like,  
Jus' my years old.

There's crockendiles 'n' fairies,  
'N' chil'ren in a shoe,  
'N' animals who talk aloud,  
'N' a Princess, too!

There's dragons on the first page,  
'N' giants all the way;  
'N' it's going on forever,  
Forever and a day.

The nicest tales do finish,  
'N' that is always sad.  
But this will have no ending,—  
Oh, aren't you very glad?

I'll write, and write, and write it,  
'N' then you'll read and read.  
Oh, *THAT'S* the nicest story,  
The kind that chil'ren need.

*Abbie Farwell Brown*

## *Reading*

### *READING*

. . . We get no good  
By being ungenerous even to a book,  
And calculating profits . . . so much help  
By so much reading. It is rather when  
We gloriously forget ourselves and plunge  
Soul-forward, headlong, into a book's profound,  
Impassioned for its beauty and salt of truth—  
'Tis then we get the right good from a book.

*Elizabeth Browning*

### *WHEN MOTHER READS ALOUD*

**W**HEN Mother reads aloud, the past  
Seems real as every day;  
I hear the tramp of armies vast,  
I see the spears and lances cast,  
I join the thrilling fray;  
Brave knights and ladies fair and proud  
I meet when Mother reads aloud.

When Mother reads aloud, far lands  
Seem very near and true;  
I cross the deserts' gleaming sands,

*When Mother Reads Aloud*

Or hunt the jungle's prowling bands,  
Or sail the ocean blue.  
Far heights, whose peaks the cold mists shroud,  
I scale, when Mother reads aloud.

When Mother reads aloud, I long  
For noble deeds to do—  
To help the right, redress the wrong;  
It seems so easy to be strong,  
So simple to be true.  
Oh, thick and fast the visions crowd  
My eyes, when Mother reads aloud.

*Unknown*



# THANKSGIVING DAY





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## *LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS*

**T**HE breaking waves dashed high  
On the stern and rock-bound coast,  
And the woods, against a stormy sky,  
Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark  
The hills and waters o'er,  
When a band of exiles moored their bark  
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,  
They, the true-hearted, came:  
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,  
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,  
In silence and in fear,—  
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom  
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

## *Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers*

Amidst the storm they sang,  
And the stars heard, and the sea;  
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang  
To the anthem of the free!

The ocean-eagle soared  
From his nest by the white wave's foam,  
And the rocking pines of the forest roared:  
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair  
Amidst that pilgrim band;  
Why have they come to wither there,  
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,  
Lit by her deep love's truth;  
There was manhood's brow, serenely high,  
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?  
Bright jewels of the mine?  
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?  
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

## *The Pilgrim Fathers*

Aye, call it holy ground,  
The soil where first they trod!  
They have left unstained what there they  
found—  
Freedom to worship God!

*Felicia Hemans*

### *THE PILGRIM FATHERS*

**T**HE Pilgrim Fathers,—where are they?

The waves that brought them o'er  
Still roll in the bay, and throw their spray  
As they break along the shore;  
Still roll in the bay, as they rolled that day  
When the Mayflower moored below;  
When the sea around was black with storms,  
And white the shore with snow.

The mists that wrapped the Pilgrim's sleep  
Still brood upon the tide;  
And his rocks yet keep their watch by the deep  
To stay its waves of pride.  
But the snow-white sail that he gave to the gale,  
When the heavens looked dark, is gone,—  
As an angel's wing through an opening cloud  
Is seen, and then withdrawn.

## *The Pilgrim Fathers*

The pilgrim exile,—sainted name!

The hill whose icy brow

Rejoiced, when he came, in the morning's flame,

In the morning's flame burns now.

And the moon's cold light, as it lay that night

On the hillside and the sea,

Still lies where he laid his houseless head,—

But the Pilgrim! where is he?

The Pilgrim Fathers are at rest:

When summer's throned on high,

And the world's warm breast is in verdure drest,

Go, stand on the hill where they lie.

The earliest ray of the golden day

On that hallowed spot is cast;

And the evening sun as he leaves the world

Looks kindly on that spot last.

The Pilgrim spirit has not fled:

It walks in noon's broad light;

And it watches the bed of the glorious dead,

With the holy stars by night.

It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,

And still guard this ice-bound shore,

Till the waves of the bay, where the Mayflower  
lay,

Shall foam and freeze no more.

*John Pierpont*

*Something to be Thankful For*

*SOMETHING TO BE THANKFUL FOR*

*I*'M glad that I am not to-day  
A chicken or a goose,  
Or any other sort of bird  
That is of any use.

I'd rather be a little girl,  
Although 'tis very true,  
The things I do not like at all,  
I'm often made to do.

I'd rather eat some turkey than  
To be one, thick and fat,  
And so, with all my heart, to-day  
I'll thankful be for that.

*Clara J. Denton*

*THANKSGIVING DAY*

*O*VER the river and through the woods,  
To grandfather's house we go:  
The horse knows the way  
To carry the sleigh  
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## *Thanksgiving Day*

Through the white and drifted snow.  
Over the river and through the wood—  
Oh, how the wind does blow!  
It stings the toes  
And bites the nose,  
As over the ground we go.

Over the river and through the wood,  
To have a first-rate play.  
Hear the bells ring,  
“Ting-a-ling-ding!”  
Hurrah for Thanksgiving Day!  
Over the river and through the wood,  
Trot fast, my dapple-gray!  
Spring over the ground,  
Like a hunting hound!  
For this is Thanksgiving Day.

Over the river and through the wood,  
And straight through the barnyard gate,  
We seem to go  
Extremely slow,—  
It is so hard to wait!  
Over the river and through the wood—  
Now grandmother's cap I spy!



## *Thanksgiving Day*

Hurrah for the fun!  
Is the pudding done?  
Hurrah for the pumpkin-pie!

*Lydia Maria Child*

## *THANKSGIVING DAY*

*W*ITH steadfast and unwavering faith, with  
hard and patient toil,  
The Pilgrims wrung their harvest from a strange  
and sterile soil.  
And when the leaves turned red and gold be-  
neath the autumn sun,  
They knelt beside the scanty sheaves their labor-  
ing hands had won,  
And each grave elder, in his turn, with bowed  
and reverent head,  
Gave thanks to bounteous Heaven for the mir-  
acle of bread.

And so was born Thanksgiving Day. That  
little dauntless band,  
Beset by deadly perils in a wild and alien land,  
With hearts that held no fear of death, with  
stern, unbending wills,

## *A Thanksgiving Fable*

And faith as firmly founded as the grim  
England hills,  
Though pitiful the yield that sprang from  
unfruitful sod,  
Remembered in their harvest time the go  
grace of God.

God grant us grace to look on this, our glor  
native land,  
As but another princely gift from His almi  
hand.

May we prove worthy of His trust and kee  
every shore  
Protected from the murderous hordes that  
the torch of war,  
And be the future bright or dark God gran  
never may  
Forget the reverent spirit of that first Tha  
giving Day.

*J. J. Monta*

## *A THANKSGIVING FABLE*

**I**T was a hungry pussy cat, upon Tha  
giving morn,  
And she watched a thankful little mouse,  
ate an ear of corn.

## *Thanksgiving Night*

“If I ate that little mouse, how thankful he  
should be,  
When he has made a meal himself, to make a  
meal for me;  
Then with his thanks for having fed, and his  
thanks for feeding me,  
With all HIS thankfulness inside, how thank-  
ful I shall be!”  
Thus mused the hungry pussy cat, upon Thanks-  
giving Day;  
But the little mouse had overheard and de-  
clined (with thanks) to stay.

*Oliver Herford*

## *THANKSGIVING NIGHT*

*L*AST night I got to thinking, when I couldn't  
go to sleep,  
Of the way Thanksgiving served me in the days  
when joy was cheap—  
Of how we'd have a turkey, and of how I'd beg  
a taste  
Whenever they would open up the oven door  
to “baste”

## *Thanksgiving Night*

The bulging breast, and how then from the oven  
came a drift  
Of tantalizing odor, such as only boys have  
sniffed.

I got to thinking of it—for I couldn't go to  
sleep—  
Of mince pies in the pantry, where I'd sidle in  
and peep,  
And jelly and plum butter, and the peach pre-  
serves and cake—  
And then I got to thinking of how fine 'twould  
be to take  
A trip back to the old days, when the dancing  
candle light  
Played pranks with all the shadows on the wall,  
Thanksgiving night.

The boys I used to play with! I could shut  
my eyes and see  
The whole troop of them waiting and a-waving  
hands to me;  
All freckled, ragged trousered, with their scarfs  
and mittens, too,  
They made a splendid picture—but the picture  
wasn't true;

## *We Thank Thee*

For they've grown up, as I have, and strange  
paths have lured our feet—  
The paths that find To-morrow, and that never,  
never meet.

I wondered if they also were not lying half awake  
And thinking of the turkey, and the jelly, and  
the cake;  
And if they had their fancies of the lazy little  
street  
That leads beneath the maples where the top-  
most branches meet—  
And suddenly I heard them—heard the mur-  
murs low and clear,  
That told me they were with me, and were very,  
very near.

*Wilbur D. Nesbit*

## *WE THANK THEE*

*F*OR flowers that bloom about our feet;  
For tender grass, so fresh, so sweet;  
For song of bird, and hum of bee;  
For all things fair we hear or see,  
Father in heaven, we thank Thee.

## *We Thank Thee*

For blue of stream and blue of sky;  
For pleasant shade of branches high;  
For fragrant air and cooling breeze;  
For beauty of the blooming trees,  
Father in heaven, we thank Thee.

*Ralph Waldo Emerson*

## *WE THANK THEE* ♪

**F**OR flowers so beautiful and sweet,  
For friends and clothes and food to eat,  
For precious hours, for work and play,  
We thank Thee this Thanksgiving Day.

For father's care and mother's love,  
For the blue sky and clouds above,  
For springtime and autumn gay  
We thank Thee this Thanksgiving Day!

For all Thy gifts so good and fair,  
Bestowed so freely everywhere,  
Give us grateful hearts we pray,  
To thank Thee this Thanksgiving Day.

*Mattie M. Renwick*

# CHRISTMAS

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## CHRISTMAS BELLS

*A*RE you waking?" shout the breezes  
To the tree-tops waving high,  
"Don't you hear the happy tidings  
Whispered to the earth and sky?  
Have you caught them in your dreaming,  
Brook and rill in snowy dells?  
Do you know the joy we bring you  
In the merry Christmas bells?  
Ding, dong! ding, dong, Christmas bells!

"Are you waking, flowers that slumber  
In the deep and frosty ground?  
Do you hear what we are breathing  
To the listening world around?  
For we bear the sweetest story  
That the glad year ever tells:  
How He loved the little children,—  
He who brought the Christmas bells!  
Ding, dong! ding, dong, Christmas bells!"

*George Cooper*

## *Christmas Bells*

### *CHRISTMAS BELLS*

**I** HEARD the bells on Christmas Day  
Their old, familiar carols play,  
And wild and sweet  
The words repeat  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And thought how, as the day had come,  
The belfries of all Christendom  
Had rolled along  
The unbroken song  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Till, ringing, swinging on its way,  
The world revolved from night to day  
A voice, a chime,  
A chant sublime  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Then from each black, accursed mouth  
The cannon thundered in the South  
And with the sound  
The carols drowned  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

## *Christmas Carol*

It was as if an earthquake rent  
The hearth-stones of a continent,  
    And made forlorn  
    The households born  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!"

And in despair I bowed my head;  
"There is no peace on earth," I said;  
    "For hate is strong  
    And mocks the song  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!"

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:  
"God is not dead; nor doth He sleep!  
    The Wrong shall fail,  
    The Right prevail,  
With peace on earth, good-will to men!"

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*

## *CHRISTMAS CAROL*

**T**HE earth has grown old with its burden of  
    care,  
    But at Christmas it always is young,  
The heart of the jewel burns lustrous and fair,

## *Christmas Carol*

And its soul full of music bursts forth on the air,  
When the song of the angels is sung.

It is coming, Old Earth, it is coming to-night!  
On the snowflakes which cover thy sod  
The feet of the Christ-child fall gentle and white  
And the voice of the Christ-child tells out with  
delight  
That mankind are the children of God.

On the sad and the lowly, the wretched and poor,  
The voice of the Christ-child shall fall;  
And to every blind wanderer open the door  
Of hope that he dared not to dream of before,  
With a sunshine of welcome for all.

The feet of the humblest may walk in the field  
Where the feet of the Holiest trod,  
This, then, is the marvel to mortals revealed  
When the silvery trumpets of Christmas have  
pealed,  
That mankind are the children of God.

*Phillips Brooks*

*A Christmas Carol*

*A CHRISTMAS CAROL*

There's a song in the air!  
There's a star in the sky!  
There's a mother's deep prayer  
And a baby's low cry!

And the star rains its fire while the Beautiful  
sing,

For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a king.

There's a tumult of joy  
O'er the wonderful birth,  
For the virgin's sweet boy  
Is the Lord of the earth,  
Ay! the star rains its fire and the Beautiful sing,  
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a king.

In the light of that star  
Lie the ages impearled;  
And that song from afar  
Has swept over the world,  
Every home is aflame, and the Beautiful sing  
In the homes of the nations that Jesus is King.

We rejoice in the light  
And we echo the song  
That comes down through the night

## *Christmas Carol*

From the heavenly throng,  
Ay! we shout to the lovely evangel they bring,  
And we greet in his cradle our Savior and King!

*Josiah Gilbert Holland*

### *CHRISTMAS CAROL*

*A*S Joseph was a-walking,  
He heard an angel sing,  
"This night shall be the birthnight  
Of Christ our heavenly King.

His birth bed shall be neither  
In house nor in hall,  
Nor in the place of Paradise  
But in the oxen's stall,

He neither shall be rocked  
In silver nor in gold,  
But in the wooden manger  
That lieth in the mold.

He neither shall be washen  
With white wine nor with red,  
But with the fair spring water  
That on you shall be shed.

## *Christmas Song*

He neither shall be clothèd,  
In purple nor in pall,  
But in the fair white linen  
That usen babies all."

As Joseph was a-walking,  
Thus did the angel sing,  
And Mary's Son at midnight,  
Was born to be our King.

Then be you glad, good people;  
At this time of the year;  
And light you up your candles  
For His star it shineth clear.

*Unknown*

## *CHRISTMAS SONG*

*W*HY do bells for Christmas ring?  
Why do little children sing?

Once a lovely, shining star,  
Seen by shepherds from afar,  
Gently moved until its light  
Made a manger-cradle bright.

## *Cradle Hymn*

There a darling baby lay  
Pillowed soft upon the hay.  
And his mother sang and smiled,  
“This is Christ, the holy child.”

So the bells for Christmas ring,  
So the little children sing.

*Lydia Avery Coonley Ward*

## *CRADLE HYMN*

*A*WAY in a manger, no crib for a bed,  
The little Lord Jesus laid down his sweet  
head.

The stars in the bright sky looked down where  
he lay—

The little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay.

The cattle are lowing, the baby awakes,  
But little Lord Jesus, no crying he makes.  
I love thee, Lord Jesus! look down from the sky,  
And stay by my cradle till morning is nigh.

*Martin Luther*



*Everywhere Christmas To-night*

*EVERYWHERE, EVERYWHERE CHRIST-  
MAS TO-NIGHT*

CHRISTMAS in lands of the fir tree and pine,  
Christmas in lands of the palm tree and  
vine;

Christmas where snow peaks stand solemn and  
white,

Christmas where cornfields lie sunny and bright;  
Everywhere, everywhere Christmas to-night!

Christmas where children are hopeful and gay,  
Christmas where old men are patient and gray;  
Christmas where peace, like a dove in its flight;  
Broods o'er brave men in the thick of the fight;  
Everywhere, everywhere Christmas to-night!

For the Christ child who comes is the Master  
of all;

No palace too great—no cottage too small.  
The angels who welcome Him sing from the  
height,

“In the city of David, a King in His might.”  
Everywhere, everywhere Christmas to-night!

## *The First Christmas*

Then let every heart keep its Christmas within  
Christ's pity for sorrow, Christ's hatred of sin,  
Christ's care for the weakest, Christ's courage  
for right,

Christ's dread of the darkness, Christ's love of  
the light,

Everywhere, everywhere Christmas to-night!

So the stars of the midnight which compass us  
round,

Shall see a strange glory and hear a sweet sound,  
And cry, "Look! the earth is aflame with delight,  
O sons of the morning rejoice at the sight."

Everywhere, everywhere Christmas to-night!

*Phillips Brooks*

## *THE FIRST CHRISTMAS*

**H**ANG up the baby's stocking;

Be sure you don't forget—

The dear little dimpled darling!

She ne'er saw Christmas yet;

But I've told her all about it,

And she opened her big blue eyes,

And I'm sure she understood it,

She looked so funny and wise.

## *The First Christmas*

Dear! what a tiny stocking!  
It doesn't take much to hold  
Such little pink toes as baby's  
Away from the frost and cold.  
But then, for the baby's Christmas  
It will never do at all;  
Why, Santa wouldn't be looking  
For anything half so small.

I know what will do for the baby,  
I've thought of the very best plan—  
I'll borrow a stocking of grandma,  
The longest that ever I can;  
And you'll hang it by mine, dear mother,  
Right here in the corner, so!  
And write a letter to Santa,  
And fasten it on to the toe.

Write, "This is the baby's stocking  
That hangs in the corner here;  
You never have seen her, Santa,  
For she only came this year;  
But she's just the blessedest baby—  
And now, before you go,  
Just cram her stocking with goodies,  
From the top clean down to the toe."

*Anonymous*

*God Rest Ye, Merry Gentlemen*

*GOD REST YE, MERRY GENTLEMEN*

**G**OD rest ye, merry gentlemen; let nothing  
you dismay,

For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on  
Christmas-day.

The dawn rose red o'er Bethlehem, the stars  
shone through the gray,

When Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on  
Christmas-day.

God rest ye, little children; let nothing you  
affright,

For Jesus Christ, your Saviour, was born this  
happy night;

Along the hills of Galilee the white flocks sleep-  
ing lay,

When Christ, the child of Nazareth, was born  
on Christmas-day.

God rest ye, all good Christians; upon this  
blessed morn,

The Lord of all good Christians was of a woman  
born;

Now all your sorrows He doth heal, your sins  
He takes away;

## *I Saw Three Ships*

For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on  
Christmas-day.

*Dinah Maria Mulock*

### *I SAW THREE SHIPS*

**I** SAW three ships come sailing in,  
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;  
I saw three ships come sailing in,  
On Christmas day in the morning.

Pray whither sailed those ships all three  
On Christmas day, on Christmas day?  
Pray whither sailed those ships all three  
On Christmas day in the morning?

Oh, they sailed into Bethlehem  
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;  
Oh, they sailed into Bethlehem  
On Christmas day in the morning.

'And all the bells on earth shall ring  
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;  
And all the bells on earth shall ring  
On Christmas day in the morning.

*If I Were Santa's Little Boy*

And all the angels in heaven shall sing  
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;  
And all the angels in heaven shall sing  
On Christmas day in the morning.

'And all the souls on earth shall sing  
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;  
'And all the souls on earth shall sing  
On Christmas day in the morning.

*Old Carol*

*IF I WERE SANTA'S LITTLE BOY*

**I**F I were Santa's little boy  
If there's a family  
Of Santa Clauses in the sky  
Or where their home may be,  
If I were Santa's oldest son  
(I only hope he has one!)  
'And my papa should say to me,  
"What Christmas present, son, would be  
The very thing you'd like to see  
Within your stocking Christmas Day?"  
I wouldn't stop to think (would you?)  
But say,  
"I want to drive the sleigh!"

*If I Were Santa's Little Boy*

And then when Christmas Week had come,  
At nearly dawn on Christmas Day,  
I'd load the sleigh with doll and drum;  
And find where the reindeer were tied  
And hitch them quickly up,  
And I'd shout very loudly  
"Clear the way!"

And crack the whip and drive the sleigh  
Down from the Pole and past the clang  
Of loud icicles in a row,  
Blown by the wind, to where the gang  
Lives, in our street,  
And then I'd shout  
While frightened heads of boys stuck out  
From opened windows, in surprise,  
With tousled hair and sleepy eyes,  
I'd shout out loudly so that they  
Could hear each single word I'd say.  
"Hey, Dasher, Dancer!  
Faster, Prancer!  
Run as hard now as you can, sir!  
Stop your balking  
When I'm talking!  
We must fill each Christmas stocking  
In a hundred million places!

## *Jest 'fore Christmas*

Dasher, Dancer, mind your paces!  
Don't you dare to break the traces!"  
Then I'd shake the reins and shout,  
To milkmen that might be about,  
"Clear the way for Santa's sleigh  
Because I'm driving it today."

*Mary Carolyn Davies*

## *JEST 'FORE CHRISTMAS*

**F**ATHER calls me William, sister calls me  
Will,  
Mother calls me Willie, but the fellers call me  
Bill!  
Mighty glad I ain't a girl—ruther be a boy,  
Without them sashes, curls, an' things that's  
worn by Fauntleroy!  
Love to chawnk green apples an' go swimmin'  
in the lake—  
Hate to take the castor-ile they give for belly  
ache!  
'Most all the time, the whole year round, there  
ain't no flies on me,  
But jest 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be!



## *Jest 'fore Christmas*

Got a yellor dog named Sport, sic him on the  
cat;

First thing she knows she doesn't know where  
she is at;

Got a clipper sled, an' when us kids goes out  
to slide,

'Long comes the grocery cart, an' we all hook  
a ride!

But sometimes when the grocery man is worrited  
an' cross,

He reaches at us with his whip, an' larrups up  
his hoss,

An' then I laff an' holler, "Oh, ye never teched  
me!"

But jest 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be!

Gran'ma says she hopes that when I git to be a  
man,

I'll be a missionarer like her oldest brother, Dan,  
As was et up by the cannibuls that lives in Cey-  
lon's Isle,

Where every prospeck pleases, an' only man is  
vile!

But gran'ma she has never been to see a Wild  
West Show,

## *Jest 'fore Christmas*

Nor read the life of Daniel Boone, or else I guess  
she'd know  
That Buff'lo Bill and cowboys is good enough  
for me!  
Excep' jest 'fore Christmas, when I'm good as  
I kin be!

And then old Sport he hangs around, so solemn-  
like an' still,  
His eyes they keep a-sayin': "What's the mat-  
ter, little Bill?"  
The old cat sneaks down off her perch an' won-  
ders what's become  
Of them two enemies of hern that used to make  
things hum!  
But I am so perlite an' 'tend so earnestly to biz,  
That mother says to father: "How improved  
our Willie is!"  
But father, havin' been a boy hisself, suspicions  
me  
When, jest 'fore Christmas, I'm as good as I  
kin be!

For Christmas, with its lots an' lots of candies,  
cakes, an' toys,

## *Left Out*

Was made, they say, for proper kids an' not for  
naughty boys;  
So wash yer face an' bresh yer hair, an' mind yer  
p's and q's,  
An' don't bust out yer pantaloons, an' don't wear  
out yer shoes;  
Say "Yessum" to the ladies, an' "Yessur" to  
the men,  
An' when they's company, don't pass yer plate  
for pie again;  
But, thinkin' of the things yer'd like to see upon  
that tree,  
Jest 'fore Christmas be as good as yer kin be!

*Eugene Field*

## *LEFT OUT*

**I**F shoemakers' children are left with feet bare  
I've wondered and wondered (I don't think  
it's fair)  
If maybe at Christmas there aren't any toys  
Left over for Santa Claus' own girls and boys!

*Mary Carolyn Davies*

*O Little Town of Bethlehem*

*O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM*

**O** LITTLE town of Bethlehem,  
How still we see thee lie!  
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep  
The silent stars go by;  
Yet in thy dark streets shineth  
The everlasting Light;  
The hopes and fears of all the years  
Are met in thee to-night.

For Christ is born of Mary,  
And, gathered all above,  
While mortals sleep, the angels keep  
Their watch of wondering love.  
O morning stars, together  
Proclaim the holy birth!  
And praises sing to God the King,  
And peace to men on earth.

How silently, how silently,  
The wondrous gift is given!  
So God imparts to human hearts  
The blessings of His heaven.

### *An Offertory*

No ear may hear His coming,  
But in this world of sin,  
Where meek souls will receive Him still,  
The dear Christ enters in.

O holy Child of Bethlehem,  
Descend to us, we pray;  
Cast out our sin, and enter in,  
Be born in us to-day.  
We hear the Christmas angels  
The great glad tidings tell;  
Oh, come to us, abide with us,  
Our Lord Emmanuel!

*Phillips Brooks*

### *AN OFFERTORY*

OH, the beauty of the Christ Child,  
The gentleness, the grace,  
The smiling, loving tenderness,  
The infantile embrace!  
All babyhood he holdeth,  
All motherhood enfoldeth—  
Yet who hath seen his face?

## *Santa Claus*

Oh, the nearness of the Christ Child,  
When, for a sacred space,  
He nestles in our very homes—  
Light of the human race!  
We know Him and we love Him,  
No man to us need prove Him—  
Yet who hath seen his face?

*Mary Mapes Dodge*

## *SANTA CLAUS*

**H**E comes in the night! He comes in the  
night!  
He softly, silently comes;  
While the little brown heads on the pillows so  
white  
Are dreaming of bugles and drums.  
He cuts through the snow like a ship through  
the foam,  
While the white flakes around him whirl;  
Who tells him I know not, but he findeth the  
home  
Of each good little boy and girl.

## *Santa Claus*

His sleigh it is long, and deep, and wide;  
It will carry a host of things,  
While dozens of drums hang over the side,  
With the sticks sticking under the strings.  
And yet not the sound of a drum is heard,  
Not a bugle blast is blown,  
As he mounts to the chimney-top like a bird,  
And drops to the hearth like a stone.

The little red stockings he silently fills,  
Till the stockings will hold no more;  
The bright little sleds for the great snow hills  
Are quickly set down on the floor.  
Then Santa Claus mounts to the roof like a  
bird,  
And glides to his seat in the sleigh;  
Not a sound of a bugle or drum is heard  
As he noiselessly gallops away.

He rides to the East, and he rides to the West,  
Of his goodies he touches not one;  
He eateth the crumbs of the Christmas feast  
When the dear little folks are done.  
Old Santa Claus doeth all that he can;

## *Star of the East*

This beautiful mission is his;  
Then, children be good to the little old man,  
When you find who the little man is.

*Unknown*

## *STAR OF THE EAST*

STAR of the East, that long ago  
Brought wise men on their way  
Where, angels singing to and fro,  
The Child of Bethlehem lay—  
Above that Syrian hill afar  
Thou shinest out to-night, O Star!

Star of the East, the night were drear  
But for the tender grace  
That with thy glory comes to cheer,  
Earth's loneliest, darkest place,  
For by that charity we see  
Where there is hope for all and me.

Star of the East! show us the way  
In wisdom undefiled  
To seek that manger out and lay  
Our gifts before the Child—



## *The Stars*

To bring our hearts and offer them  
Unto our King in Bethlehem.

*Eugene Field*

## *THE STARS*

**T**HE stars are lighted candles  
Upon a Christmas tree  
(The branches that they hang upon  
We cannot ever see)  
On Christmas Eve the angels stand  
About it after tea,  
And if an angel's very good  
He gets a present, as he should.

*Mary Carolyn Davies*

## *A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS*

**T**WAS the night before Christmas, when all  
through the house  
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;  
The stockings were hung by the chimney with  
care,  
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;  
The children were nestled all snug in their  
beds,

*A Visit from St. Nicholas*

While visions of sugar-plums danced through  
their heads;

And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,  
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's  
nap,—

When out on the lawn there arose such a  
clatter,

I sprang from my bed to see what was the  
matter.

Away to the window I flew like a flash,  
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.  
The moon, on the breast of the new-fallen  
snow,

Gave a lustre of midday to objects below;  
When what to my wondering eyes should  
appear,

But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,  
With a little old driver, so lively and quick  
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.

More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,  
And he whistled and shouted and called them  
by name:

“Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer  
and Vixen!

On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donner and Blitzen!

*A Visit from St. Nicholas*

To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!  
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away all!"  
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane  
fly,

When they meet with an obstacle, mount to  
the sky,

So, up to the house-top the coursers they flew,  
With a sleigh full of toys,—and St. Nicholas  
too.

And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof  
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.  
As I drew in my head and was turning around,  
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a  
bound.

He was dressed all in fur from his head to his  
foot,

And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes  
and soot;

A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,  
And he looked like a peddler just opening his  
pack.

His eyes how they twinkled! his dimples how  
merry!

His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a  
cherry;

*A Visit from St. Nicholas*

His droll little mouth was drawn up like a  
bow,

And the beard on his chin was as white as the  
snow.

The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,  
And the smoke it encircled his head like a  
wreath.

He had a broad face, and a little round belly  
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full  
of jelly.

He was chubby and plump,—a right jolly old  
elf—

And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of  
myself.

A wink of his eye and a twist of his head  
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.  
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his  
work,

And filled all the stockings; then turned with  
a jerk,

And laying his finger aside of his nose,  
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.

He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a  
whistle,

## *The Waits*

And away they all flew like the down of a  
thistle;  
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of  
sight:  
“Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-  
night!”

*Clement C. Moore*

## *THE WAITS*

*A*T the break of Christmas Day,  
Through the frosty starlight ringing,  
Faint and sweet and far away,  
Comes the sound of children, singing,  
Chanting, singing,  
“Cease to mourn,  
For Christ is born,  
Peace and joy to all men bringing!”

Careless that the chill winds blow,  
Growing stronger, sweeter, clearer,  
Noiseless footfalls in the snow  
Bring the happy voices nearer;  
Hear them singing,  
“Winter’s drear,  
But Christ is here,  
Mirth and gladness with Him bringing!”

*Shepherds Watched Their Flocks*

“Merry Christmas!” hear them say,  
As the East is growing lighter;  
“May the joy of Christmas Day  
Make your whole year gladder, brighter!”  
Join their singing,  
“To each home  
Our Christ has come,  
All Love’s treasures with Him bringing!”

*Margaret Deland*

*WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED THEIR  
FLOCKS BY NIGHT*

**W**HILE shepherds watched their flocks by  
night,  
All seated on the ground,  
The angel of the Lord came down,  
And glory shone around.

“Fear not,” said he, for mighty dread  
Had seized their troubled mind;  
“Glad tidings of great joy I bring  
To you and all mankind.

*Shepherds Watched Their Flocks*

“To you, in David’s town, this day  
Is born, of David’s line,  
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,  
And this shall be the sign:

“The heavenly babe you there shall find  
To human view displayed,  
All meanly wrapped in swaddling bands,  
And in a manger laid.”

Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith  
Appeared a shining throng  
Of angels, praising God, who thus  
Addressed their joyful song:

“All glory be to God on high,  
And to the earth be peace;  
Good will henceforth from Heaven to men  
Begin and never cease.”

*Nahum Tate*





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